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CORRESPONDENCE.

MASTER SLENDER was very much astonished and disgusted, when, after running away in the dark with "Sweet Anne Page," he discovered that he had been imposed upon by a "lubberly boy." We fear that the many readers who have so greatly loved "The Maiden Aunt," will be angry that her name is Richard Brinsley Knowles, Esq. Alas, it is so!

The author of "Lady Lee's Widowhood" is said to be Capt. Hanley, of the English Royal Artillery. *This is as well as could be expected.*

From the Illustrated Magazine.

MODESTY AND BEAUTY.

Nor for Chloe's laughing eye,  
Bright with fancy beaming;  
Nor for Chloe's lip I sigh,  
But her modest seeming.  
No; nor could her cheek so fair,  
Rosied dusk though it be,  
Half my glow of love inspire  
Were't not for her modesty.

Neither do I yet despise  
Hand that 's soft nor face that 's fair,  
Glad heart that smiles thro' sunny eyes,  
Nor cheeks where roses are.  
But there is a grace so sweet  
In modesty—so chaste, so pure—  
Every other grace might meet,  
Yet fail to charm like her!

Say the eye can touch one heart—  
It shall win a thousand more,  
LIVING AGE. VOL. III.

Let but modesty impart  
Her spell of magic power.  
Say the cheek invites to love—  
Tenfold will its triumphs be,  
Let its fascinations move  
Hand in hand with modesty.

Features in themselves not fair,  
Only touched by her fair hand,  
Shall divine expression wear,  
Clothing them, at her command!  
Neither is there woman's face  
Hath charm enough to vanquish me,  
Had she every other grace,  
Wanting heavenly modesty!

THE SETTING SUN,

AS SEEN FROM THE SOUND, PLYMOUTH.

Low in the west the setting sun  
Hastens to rest, his labors done;  
The shadows lengthen, and the sea  
Sends back reflected rock and tree,  
And wooded height, and rustic bower,  
And hanging cliffs, and ruined tower,  
And o'er the magic mirror plays  
The setting sun's departing rays.

How calm! how beautiful! no voice, no sound  
Breaks the still silence of the deep profound;  
All nature sleeps—the world lies hushed in  
peace,  
The weary rest—man's destined labors cease.

I love to watch with patient eye  
Those glowing tints—yon glorious sky,  
And mark its varying splendor fade  
Fainter, and fainter; till in shade

The vision sinks — one ray of light  
Lingers awhile, then fades — and all is night.  
Vain man ! behold thy shadowed life,  
Thy morning hope — thy noonday strife,  
Till evening, with its failing light,  
Closes life's pilgrimage in night.

Thus sink to rest the just, whom Christ has blest,  
The faithful servants of their Lord's behest ;  
Strengthened by faith, no terrors they descry.  
Death has for them no sting — the grave no victory,  
One sob, one natural pang to earth is given,  
That past, the spirit mounts, and wings its flight  
to heaven.

### THE PATH ACROSS THE HILLS.

BY THE HONORABLE MRS. NORTON.

#### I.

In Life's delightful morn,  
When Love and Trust were born,  
To thy dwelling in the wooded hills I came ;  
Thy smile of welcome made  
A sunbeam in that shade,  
And spring and winter bloomed for me the  
same.  
Tho' the snow hung in the cloud,  
And the stormy winds blew loud,  
I recked not — all my sunshine was to come ;  
My heart was blithe and gay,  
I went singing all the way,  
In the path across the hills to thy home !

#### II.

The Spring with its gentle rain  
Hath woke the flowers again,  
And Summer clothes the leafy woods once more,  
But Love's sweet smile is fled,  
And Hope's bright flowers are dead,  
And thy dear smile no sunshine can restore !  
To some less loved abode —  
By some more dreary road —  
Fate yet may lead my steps in days to come ;  
But never blithe and gay,  
To sing along the way,  
As in the path that led me to thy home !

From the Ladies' Companion.

### A SEASON OF PAIN.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

At times, when mystic pain exerts  
Tyrannic power my body o'er,  
I wander out beneath the sun,  
Yet feel its warmth no more.

A murkiness on my spirit sits,  
A cloud that will not melt in tears ;  
And God's good world to my poor wits  
A place of pain appears !

Say not that there is sin in this,  
But rather deem that fell disease  
Blunts the sad sense to every bliss  
By secret agonies !

The rankling pang, that inward works,  
Whose hidden cause in mystery dwells,  
May rouse a thought where madness lurks  
In reason's clouded cells !

I fear not death, but O ! I shrink  
With coward dread from mysters that mock  
The search of Science ; and I think  
Of shelter from the shock

Of future trials, as a boon  
Which only pitying death can give,  
And thus I wander 'neath the moon,  
And deem it sad to live !

Thanks be to God for Prayer and Hope !  
For thoughts that give us peace and ease !  
For words that gates of gladness ope  
Across tempestuous seas !

Thanks be to God ! For, at His call,  
Relief shall come, and life be done,  
And darkness cease ! For, after all,  
There is no set of Sun !

### DONNYBROOK FAIR.

BY MRS. AEDY.

O, DONNYBROOK FAIR ! all have heard of your  
dangers ;  
Your quarrels, your combats, are well known  
to fame ;  
Your name yet strikes terror to peaceable strangers,  
But the sweet Bard of Avon says — " What's  
in a name ?"  
A change has come over your scene of disquiet,  
The spirit of mirth still reigns joyously there,  
But the spirit of lawless contention and riot  
Has wholly departed from Donnybrook Fair !

I passed through glad groups, all intent upon  
pleasure ;  
Gay booths, gilded shows, rose in turn to my  
glance ;  
I listened to music's enlivening measure,  
And gazed in the tents on the national dance ;  
And then, as one couple succeeded another,  
I thought of " Sweet Auburn," which tells of  
the pair  
Who danced, as though trying to dance down  
each other,  
And deemed them transplanted to Donnybrook  
Fair !

Good-humor prevailed o'er all ages and classes,  
I looked on the scene with well-satisfied eyes,  
It told me that Erin's gay lads and fair lasses  
Had learned the rare art — to be " merry and  
wise !"  
Their national revel has lost all the traces  
Of the wild, reckless aspect it once used to  
wear ;  
But still, buoyant spirits, light hearts, and glad  
faces,  
Are found in abundance at Donnybrook Fair !

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Chapters on Mental Physiology.* By HENRY HOLLAND, M. D. London, 1852.
2. *Principles of Human Physiology.* By WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M. D. Fourth Edition. London, 1853.
3. *Researches in Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemical Attraction, in their relations to the Vital Force.* By KARL, BARON VON REICHENBACH, Ph. D. Translated by WILLIAM GREGORY, M. D. London, 1850.
4. *Letters to a Candid Inquirer on Animal Magnetism.* By WILLIAM GREGORY, M. D. London, 1851.
5. *On the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions, with an Account of Mesmerism.* By HERBERT MAYO, M. D. Second Edition. London, 1851.
6. *Neuryponology, or the Rationale of Nervous Sleep considered in relation with Animal Magnetism.* By JAMES BRAID, M. R. C. S. E., &c. London, 1843.
7. *The Mesmeric Mania of 1851, with a Physiological Explanation of the Phenomena produced.* By JOHN HUGHES BENNET, M. D. Edinburgh, 1851.
8. *What is Mesmerism? An Attempt to explain its Phenomena on the admitted Principles of Physiological and Psychological Science.* By ALEXANDER WOOD, M. D. Edinburgh, 1851.
9. *Table-Turning and Table-Talking.* London, 1853.
10. *Table-Moving Tested, and proved to be the Result of Satanic Agency.* By Rev. N. S. GODFREY, S. C. L. London, 1853.
11. *Table-Turning, the Devil's Modern Master-Piece; being the Result of a Course of Experiments.* By Rev. N. S. GODFREY. London, 1853.
12. *Table-Talking: Disclosures of Satanic Wonders and Prophetic Signs; a Word for the Wise.* By Rev. E. GILLSON, M. A. London, 1853.

"WHAT are we to believe?" as to Mesmerism, Electro-Biology, Odyism, Table-Turning, and (we are almost ashamed to be obliged to add) Spirit-Rapping and Table-Talking, is a question which most persons have asked themselves or others during the last few years, and to which the answers have varied with the amount of information possessed by the respondent, with his previous habits of thought, with his love of the marvellous, or his desire to bring everything to the test of sober sense. And thus an ascending series is formed, of which the base is composed of those utter sceptics who discredit the genuineness of all the asserted phenomena, maintaining that none but fools or knaves could uphold such nonsense; whilst it culminates in that assemblage of thorough-going believers, who find

nothing too hard for "spiritual" agency, and who recognize in the wondrous revelations of a *clairvoyante*, and in the dispersion of a tumor—in the communications of departed spirits with their surviving friends, and in the rotation of a table—in the induction of profound insensibility during the performance of a severe operation, and in the oscillations of a suspended button—in the subjugation of the actions of one individual to the will of another, and in the flexure of a hazel twig—in everything, in short, great and small, which they cannot otherwise explain—the manifestations of some occult power, to be ranked among the cosmical forces, but not to be identified with any one of those previously recognized.

To the class of earnest and rigorous inquirers, whom the true philosopher, whatever be his pursuit, welcomes as his most valuable coadjutors, the Mesmerists and their allies have ever shown a decided repugnance. "All or nothing" seems to be the motto of the latter, who act as if a rational explanation of any one of their marvels were a thing to be deprecated. In order to reconcile this discouraging treatment with their professions of readiness to court investigation, they have had recourse to the hypothesis, that, just as a damp atmosphere around an electrical machine prevents a high state of electric tension, the presence of even a candid sceptic weakens the mesmeric force; and this, not merely when he manifests his incredulity by his language, his tones, or his looks, but when he keeps it concealed beneath the semblance of indifference.

It is to be attributed to the difficulties which honest investigators long encountered, through being treated as antagonists by most of those to whom they might naturally have looked for assistance, that they have until recently done little to enlighten the public. So long as they could not make up their own minds it was neither prudent nor right that they should attempt to guide the opinions of others; and the discreet silence which best became them, was only broken by an occasional intimation from some of our medical authorities of the direction their researches were taking.

Recent events, however, have worked a great change. The obstacles which beset the inquiry, whilst Mesmerism alone was in question, have been overcome by the introduction of methods, in which a large number of the phenomena can be developed, without even the semblance of that exertion of power by one person over another, which was always the most suspicious feature in the Mesmeric system. The first important step was made by Mr. Braid, a surgeon in Manchester; who discovered, about twelve years since, that a state of coma passing into somnambulism (to

which he gave the appropriate designation of *Hypnotism*), can be induced in numerous individuals, of all ranks, ages, and temperaments; and that the phenomena of this state are so essentially the same with those of the (so called) Mesmeric somnambulism, as to afford the most valuable assistance in the analysis of the real nature of the latter. In both, the somnambulist appears to be incapable of controlling his ideas, his feelings, or his actions; and is entirely amenable to the will of another, who may govern the course of his thoughts at his own pleasure, and oblige him to execute any command. The clue to the marvel was soon found by Mr. Braid, in the concentrated operation of that principle of *suggestion* which has long been known to psychologists; and, under the guidance of this idea, he has subsequently followed up the investigation with great intelligence, making no mystery of his proceedings, but courting investigation in every possible way.

In the course of his researches, Mr. Braid discovered that a kindred mental condition may occasionally be superinduced upon the waking state, without passing through the stage of comatose insensibility; and that in some susceptible individuals, it is sufficient that the attention should be fixed, for a few minutes, or even for a few seconds, upon any object whatever. We ourselves witnessed a remarkable series of experiments, at least seven years ago, upon a gentleman of high literary and scientific attainments, who possessed in an unusual degree the power of self-concentration. It only required him to place his hand upon the table, and contemplate it for half a minute, to be entirely unable to draw it back, if assured in a determined tone that he *could not possibly* do so. When he had gazed for a short time upon the poles of a magnet, he could be brought to see flames issuing from them, of any form or color that the operator chose to name; and when his hand was on one of the poles, the peremptory assurance that he *could not* detach it was sufficient to retain it with such tenacity, that Mr. Braid dragged him round the room, in a manner that realized Gammer Grethel's story of the Golden Goose. The character of the "subject" placed him beyond the suspicion of deceit; and we had been prepared by our previous inquiries to find nothing too strange for belief, that could be referred to the simple and intelligible principle of *suggestion*. We hope, before we have done, to bring our readers to the same conclusion.

Notwithstanding that Mr. Braid's investigations were thus carried on for several years, they did not attract the notice that might have been anticipated for them. The slight difficulties which attend the employment of his hypnotic method were sufficient to keep it from ordinary use; and as the public is

always more prone to run after what is marvellous, than even to walk towards what is rational, the champions of Mesmerism continued to have it pretty much their own way. A new light, however, shone forth about three years ago, which has already dissipated much of the obscurity that still hung around the subject; and we hope, by the use of it, to clear away still more. A couple of itinerant Yankees appeared in this country, styling themselves "professors" of a new art, which they termed "*Electro-Biology*;" and asserting that, by an influence of which the secret was known only to themselves, but which was partly derived from a little disc of zinc and copper (whence the designation which they adopted), held in the hand of the "subject," and steadily gazed on by him, they could subjugate the most determined will, paralyze the strongest muscles, pervert the evidence of the senses, destroy the memory of the most familiar things or of the most recent occurrences, or even make the individual believe himself transformed into any one else — all this, and much more, being done while he was still wide awake. They drew large assemblages to witness their performances; and commonly elicited some of the most remarkable phenomena from strangers whose collusion with them could not be suspected. Mr. Braid, however, soon proved that the little disc of copper and zinc may be replaced by any object which serves for the steady direction of the eyes to one point, at the ordinary reading distance, for a somewhat prolonged period. Thus, instead of the mysterious effects being limited as heretofore to a few susceptible "subjects," difficult to be met with, and open to suspicion on various grounds, amateurs were furnished with a ready means of experimenting upon their families and friends, the student upon his fellow-students, the officer on the members of his mess; everybody, in fact, upon somebody else on whom he could rely. "*Electro-biology*," or "*Biology*" (as it was commonly designated), now became a fashionable amusement, at evening parties, though the public, in growing familiarized with its phenomena, still labored under the difficulty of not knowing "what to believe" as to their genuineness, or to what scientific principles to refer them if their genuineness were admitted.

We think that the time has come when we may pronounce upon the controversy. Several of the most distinguished professors of the University of Edinburgh, defying the prejudices of their class, have plunged boldly into the inquiry; and it has been prosecuted under their auspices with most advantageous results. Besides the special works of more or less merit which treat of the question, Sir Henry Holland has touched upon many of its most interesting points, in the republication, with



additions, of the "Chapters on Mental Physiology," which formed part of his universally-admired "Medical Notes and Reflections;" and Dr. Carpenter, whose "Human Physiology" is now employed as the text-book in almost every medical school in this country and the United States, has fully discussed, in his latest edition, the entire subject. Between the views of these two authors there is an essential conformity, but as each writes in the manner dictated by his own habits of thought and by the general purpose of his work, those who wish to master all that is known of the philosophy of the phenomena will find it advantageous to consult them both.

Neither Sir H. Holland nor Dr. Carpenter, however, has given us the *rationale* of "spirit rapping," "table-turning," or "table-talking;" these latest fashions under which the "spiritual influence" has been pleased to manifest itself, having only "come out" during the season which has just terminated. Go where we would, we heard of the intimations which our friends had received from departed souls; or of the agility of some sprightly table under the hands of dignitaries of the church, and (if report do not lie) of privy-councillors and cabinet ministers — to say nothing of the miscellaneous multitudes of all ranks, among whom the farce of "turning the tables" was nightly repeated with astounding success. We had supposed its "run" to be suspended for a time, but the epidemic has broke out in a new form, and is spreading through a class which may be seriously endangered by it. The farce becomes tragical when we find clergymen, of undoubted honesty, deluding themselves into the belief that "Satanic Wonders and Prophetic Signs" are disclosed by the movements of their tables. If they have still ears to listen to a rational explanation, they will find that the turning of tables, and the supposed communications made by spirits through their agency, are due, like the actions of biologized "subjects," to the mental state of the performers themselves.

It is necessary to begin by recalling certain well-known principles which will afford the basis of our subsequent reasonings; for it is by building upon familiar experience, that we are enabled to demonstrate how large a part of these marvels may be at once reconciled with the admitted laws of mental action, and how probable it is that the remainder (so far, at least, as they are genuine) will fall under the same category, when they shall have been studied with equal care.

The first of these principles is, that a *large part of our ordinary course of thought, and consequently of action, is determined by direct suggestions*. Every one recognizes the existence of "trains of thought," which consist of a continuous series of ideas, connected

together by associations that have previously grown up amongst them, in virtue of which the presence of one brings up another, which calls forth a third, and so on. This may be termed *internal suggestion*. Every one is conscious also of the influence of impressions upon the senses in originating such trains of thought, and in modifying their subsequent course. This may be termed *external suggestion*. When these processes take place without the exercise of any control on the part of the Will, the mind may be said to be acting automatically. Such is its condition in the states of *Reverie* and *Abstraction*, which differ from one another only in the nature of the suggestions which determine the sequence of ideas. The access of both is well known to be favored by a monotonous succession of sensory impressions (especially visual), which enchains the attention and absorbs the will, leaving the thoughts free to be swayed by impulses from without or within. As long as the mind is given up to either, it is insensible to the inconsistency between the notions that may possess it and the realities of experience; and hence arise all the absurdities in the conduct of absent people. The philosopher, who, when interrupted in his meditations by the intelligence that his house was on fire, coolly replied to the servant who had burst in upon him with the terrible news, "Go and tell your mistress; you know that I never interfere about domestic matters," was acting on his habitual system, unconscious, through his mental preoccupation, of the absurdity of maintaining it at such a crisis. And the learned professor, who failed to recognize his own wife when he met her in the street, and who, when he had run against a cow, pulled off his hat and apologized as to a lady for the mischance, hoping she was not hurt, was probably following out some train of profound analysis, which, by engrossing his whole attention, prevented him from deriving any benefit from his antecedent experience in distinguishing his wife from other ladies, or even in recognizing the difference between the human and the bovine female.

The direct action of external suggestion in determining the course of thoughts when as yet the volitional power is scarcely developed is very palpable in children; and the following case is an example: — A child of English parents residing in Germany, when learning to talk, acquired both tongues simultaneously, and could speak on ordinary matters in either, without confusing the words or idioms; but seemed invariably *constrained* to employ the language used by the person he was addressing. Thus in conveying a message given him in English by his mother to his German nursery-maid, he rendered it (apparently without the slightest effort) into ap-

propriate German : on returning, however, to his mother, if asked what the maid had said, he answered in English as often as the question was proposed in that language. Even though pressed to give the actual words he had heard in the nursery, he still continued to give the English rendering of them, without seeming to be aware of the difference ; and the only mode of getting at them was to put the question in German, when there seemed to the same inability to reply in English, as there had previously been to give a German reply to an English question. Precisely the same phenomenon continually presents itself with sleep-talkers who speak two or more languages — their replies being given in the language in which they are addressed.

Now, the power which, in every well-constituted mind, the Will possesses to direct its course of thought, is exercised, not in *producing* ideas, but in *selecting*, from among such as spontaneously present themselves, those which are apposite to the purpose in view. This is easily shown to be the case in the familiar act of Recollection, so profoundly analyzed by Mr. James Mill. When we *try to remember* anything which is not at the moment before the consciousness, we determinately fix our attention upon some idea which is already present to the mind, and use this as the instrument with which we feel after that of which we are in search. It may be that we have to repeat this process several times, getting nearer and nearer to our object at each stage, before we succeed in grasping it ; and every one must have learned, from his own experience, that he cannot always recall to his mind ideas which are usually most familiar to him. Even those who are most remarkable for the accuracy and range of their memory, occasionally find themselves baffled for want of a word or a date which they feel to be only just beyond their reach at the moment ; the reason being, that they had not got hold of the right suggestive key, by which to unlock the particular chamber it occupied in the mental storehouse. Thence results the important principle, that *all determinate recollection involves the exercise of volitional control over the direction of the thoughts* ; and consequently, that if this control be suspended and the mind be left to its own automatic activity, the power of recalling even the most familiar ideas is completely annihilated.

So, again, the determinate exercise of the *judgment*, which involves the comparison of ideas, can only take place while the Will has the power of selecting those which are appropriate, and of bringing them into collocation with each other. This process is the source of that *common-sense*, whereon we rely in the ordinary conduct of life. We almost unconsciously store up a mass of impressions derived from our habitual experience, by which

we are continually testing the validity of new impressions, admitting them if consonant with it, rejecting them if vehemently discordant, and keeping them on trial if we cannot at once dispose of them in one or other of these modes ; while the simple credulity of the child depends upon his having no stock of experience upon which to fall back, for the correction of the erroneous notions which he may himself form, or which may be imparted to him by others. The effort required for this comparison of things present with past experience, when it once comes to be habitual, is so slight as to be scarcely perceptible even to one's self ; yet, slight as the effort may be, it is the one thing needful : and it may be unhesitatingly laid down, that, *if the directing power of the Will be suspended, the capability of correcting the most illusory ideas by an appeal to common-sense is for the time annihilated*. Of this we have a typical example, familiar to every one, in *Dreaming*, which is a state of automatic mental activity of a kind so unregulated that the combinations and successions of ideas are often of the most extraordinary character, and are inconsistent not merely with our most familiar experience, but also with each other. Yet, as has been most truly remarked, *nothing surprises us in dreams*. We are never struck with the impossibility of the events which we seem to witness ; but we accept as genuine, with child-like simplicity, all the wonderful combinations which are successively unfolded before our mental view. The same must be the case in *any* state of mental activity, in which there is a similar abrogation of voluntary control.

Another well-known fact, essential to be carried along with us, is, that *the entire concentration of the attention upon any object of consciousness, whether a sensory impression, an idea, or an emotion, most wonderfully increases its intensity*. Our most familiar illustrations of this truth are furnished by the wonderful acuteness in the use of the senses yet remaining to them, which is manifested by those who have been deprived of one or more. Thus we are informed of Laura Bridgman, — the blind, deaf, and dumb girl, whose education has been so admirably conducted by Dr. Howe, of the Boston (N. E.) Blind Asylum — that she not only discriminates those with whom she is intimate, by the slightest touch of their hands, but that she can thus recognize, though somewhat less readily, individuals, whose hands she may have grasped but once or twice before, and that too at a remote interval. In these and similar cases, it is not the *bodily* but the *mental* sense that is sharpened ; not the power of receiving impressions, but the power of appreciating them ; and it is easy to see how this intensification arises out of the absence of the distracting suggestions, which, with the rest of the

world, are continually tending to weaken the impression made by any one object, by drawing off the attention to others.

So, again, when the whole energy is concentrated upon some muscular effort, especially under the influence of an overpowering emotion, the body seems endowed with superhuman strength and agility; and some extraordinary feat is accomplished, at which the performer himself stands aghast when he contemplates it after his restoration to his sober senses. An old cook-maid, having heard an alarm of fire, seized an enormous box containing the whole of her property, and ran down stairs with it, as easily as she would have carried a dish of meat. After the fire had been extinguished, she could not lift it a hair's breadth from the ground, and it required two men to convey it up stairs again.

Closely akin to this state is another, of which the history of mankind in all ages furnishes us with abundant examples — namely, the state of subjection to a dominant idea. The mind is liable to be seized by some strange notion which takes entire possession of it, and all the actions of the individual thus "possessed" are results of its operation. The notion may or may not be in itself an absurd one. It may be confined to a single individual, or it may spread epidemically among a multitude. It may be one that interests the feelings, or it may be of a nature purely intellectual. We do not pretend to account for these facts; but we simply cite them as a part of the history of Human Nature, closely related to the subject of our present inquiry. The wild but transient vagaries of religious enthusiasm in all ages — as shown in the Pythonic inspiration of the Delphic priestesses; the ecstatic revelations of Catholic and Protestant visionaries; the preaching epidemic among the Huguenots in France, and more recently in Lutheran Sweden; the strange performances of the "Convulsionnaires" of St. Médard, which have been since almost paralleled at Methodist "revivals" and "camp-meetings;" — the belief in witchcraft and diabolical possession, entertained not merely by the accusing public, but often by the unfortunate accused; the dancing mania of the middle ages; the Tarentism of Southern Italy, and the leaping-ague of Scotland in later times; together with the most recent, but not the least remarkable specimen, the character of the individuals affected being taken into account — the table-turning and table-talking of the year 1853; — are all, with many similar wonders, to be ranged under the same category, namely, the possession of the mind by a dominant idea, from which it makes no sufficient effort to free itself. The idea not unfrequently declines in intensity, especially when it expends its force in action, and the mind spontaneously returns to its

previous condition; but sometimes it may exert a dominant influence through the whole of life, and if the conduct which it dictates should pass the bounds of enthusiasm or eccentricity, we say that the individual is the subject of Monomania.

From the sum of the principles we have been enunciating it will follow, that if the human mind should lose for a time its power of volitional self-direction, it cannot shake off the yoke of any "dominant idea," however tyrannical, but must execute its behests; — it cannot bring any notion with which it may be possessed to the test of common sense, but must accept it, if it be impressed on the consciousness with adequate force; — it cannot recall any fact, even the most familiar, that is beyond its immediate grasp; — upon any idea, therefore, with which it may be possessed, the whole force of its attention is for the time concentrated, so that the most incongruous conception presents itself with all the vividness of reality; — and, finally, if the automatic activity of the mind, when freed from the controlling power of the will, should depend more upon external than upon internal suggestion, and should hence take no determinate direction of its own, one idea may be readily substituted for another by appropriate means; and the whole state of the convictions, the feelings, and the impulses to action may be thus altered from time to time, without the least perception of the strangeness of the transition.

Considered under this point of view, the Biological phenomena are far from being incredible; they are simply the manifestation of a state of mind to which we may detect very close approximations within our ordinary experience; and their principal peculiarity consists in the method by which they may be artificially induced — viz., by the steady gaze at some fixed object, during a length of time which varies according to the susceptibility of the individual. That the "biological" state may be generated in persons who were previously quite incredulous in regard to its reality, our own observation has fully convinced us; it does not, therefore, require any mental preparation. But we are no less convinced that the anticipation of the result tends to produce it in a shorter time than would otherwise be necessary; and it is usually among individuals who have repeatedly submitted to the operation, that the greatest facility presents itself. Every one who has sat for a photographic portrait, knows how difficult it is to maintain a fixed position for even a few seconds; and has experienced, in particular, how strong an effort is required to keep the eyes from wandering. Hence, in the "biological" process, the longer the steady gaze is sustained, the more is the will of the individual concentrated upon the direction of

his eyes, so that at last it seems to become entirely transferred to them; and, in the mean time, the continued monotony is operating, as in the induction of sleep or of reverie, to produce a vacancy of mind, which leaves it open to any impressions that may be made upon it from without. When this state is complete, the mind of the biologized "subject" remains dormant, until aroused to activity by some suggestion which it receives through the ordinary channels of sensation, and to which it responds as automatically as a locomotive obeys the manipulations of its driver. He is, indeed, for the time, a mere *thinking automaton*. He is given up to the domination of any idea that may be made to possess him; and he has no power of judging of its consistency with actual facts, because he is unable to bring it into comparison with them. Thus he may be played on, like a musical instrument, by those about him; thinking, feeling, speaking, acting, just as *they will* that he should think, feel, speak or act; but this, *not*, as has been represented, because his Will has been brought into direct subjection to theirs, but because, his Will being in abeyance, all his mental operations are directed by such suggestions as they may choose to impress on his consciousness.

In the public exhibitions of professional "Biologists," much assumption is made of a peculiar power possessed by the operator over his "subject;" his suggestions are conveyed in the form of commands; and the delusion is kept up by a frequent recourse to "passes" resembling those of the Mesmerists. We are satisfied, however, that no such tie exists, save where it has been established by habit, or by a strong anticipation on the part of the "subject." When an individual brings himself into this state for the first time, and without the idea that he is to be controlled by one person rather than by another, he is amenable to suggestions from *any* of the bystanders; and the influence they exert depends chiefly upon the tone and manner in which their directions are given. But as previous expectation, or acquired habit, affect the facility with which this condition may be induced, so do they influence the entire course of its phenomena; and if the "subject" be possessed with a conviction that a particular person is destined to exert a special control over him, his suggestions are received with greater readiness than those of any one else. The assumption of command has simply the effect of impressing the "subject" with the idea of the *necessity* of the action enjoined; and we have found the earnest reiteration of the phrases "you must," or "you cannot," quite as efficacious as the vehement tone of mastery in which the directions are frequently given. So, again, the effect of the "passes" is merely to concentrate the attention of the subject

upon the member to which the injunction refers; for, as Prof. Bennett has remarked, they are made over the part which is to move or to be fixed (as over the mouth when it is to be prevented from opening, or over the foot which is to be riveted to a certain spot of the floor), and not over the muscles by which the action is produced.

The biologized "subject," like a person in an ordinary reverie, must be considered as *awake*; that is, he has generally the use of all his senses, and for the most part retains a distinct recollection of what has occurred. Different persons, however, vary in this particular, as does the same individual on different occasions. Sometimes everything can be recalled, sometimes merely the general course of thought and action; sometimes the excitement of the feelings is more strongly remembered than that of the circumstances which produced it, whilst, in other instances, it is only the incidents themselves which leave a trace in the memory.

The same diversity shows itself in the phenomena manifested during the actual continuance of the biological state. Suggestions of different kinds are received by different individuals, with very varying degrees of readiness; and few are equally amenable to all. With many, the *muscular movements* may be entirely governed by the authoritative assurance "you *must* do this," or "you *cannot* do that." The hands of the "subject" being placed in contact, he is assured that he cannot separate them; and they remain as if firmly glued together, in spite of all his apparent efforts to draw them apart. Or, the hand of the operator being held up before him, he is told that he cannot strike it; and all his strength is inadequate to the performance of this simple action. We have seen a strong man chained down to his chair — prevented from stepping over a stick on the floor — obliged to remain almost doubled upon himself in a stooping posture, by the declaration that he *could not* move; and when the first assertion did not produce the full effect, its repetition, in a more emphatic tone, was sufficient to retain him. So we have seen a lively young lady struggling in vain for utterance, with a ludicrous expression of distress, when told that she could not open her mouth to speak a word; and it has required all the strength of a man to drag over the threshold of the door another lady who had been assured that she was without the power to cross it. There is no end to the strange performances which may be thus called forth; and they are all referable to the principle we have laid down as the characteristic of this state — the possession of the mind by a *dominant idea*, which the individual himself has lost the ability of testing by his previous or present experience, simply because he cannot



carry his thoughts to any other object. The attempts which are frequently made to resist the mandates of the operator, and which are often successful for a time, are obviously due to the persistence of a certain degree of self-directing power, which preserves to an imperfectly biologized individual some little capacity of judging for himself.

No sooner is the attention of a spell-bound "subject" diverted into another channel, or the infused idea dissipated by a word, a sign, or a look, on the part of the agent who is directing him, than the potent charm by which he was enchained is at once dissolved, the effort to fulfil the supposed necessity immediately subsides, the most violent struggle with the assumed impossibility comes to an end, and he appears to be "himself again." Yet he is not so in reality; for his volitional power is still withdrawn from the direction of his thoughts, so that the peremptory command of another exerts its influence over him, even after a considerable interval may have elapsed. We cannot say precisely how long this state may continue; we have known it to last for several hours; and we are inclined to think that the biologized "subject" does not usually regain his proper self-control until he has experienced the renovating influence of sleep.

We may remark, in passing, that the want, not really of power to move, but of a belief in the possession of that power, is the characteristic of the peculiar form of paralysis which is commonly designated as "hysterical;" and that the most efficacious treatment of this remarkable disorder is to work the patient up to the conviction that the ability *has been* or *will be* restored. Such was the manner in which, about twenty years since, a young lady, who had been for some time confined to her couch, was enabled to rise up and walk, at the bidding of a clerical friend, who had successfully inspired her with religious *faith* in her capability to execute his command.\* And such is the manner in which similar marvels have been brought about by any *modus operandi* whatever, which begets in the mind of the "subject" a confidence that the thing hitherto deemed impossible *can* be accomplished, and concentrates all the mental and physical powers on the effort to perform it. What youth is there, to take a lesser example within the cognizance of all, that has not felt the inspiring influence of encouragement when a brook has had to be leaped, or a gate to be vaulted over, in affording an increased degree of volitional command over the muscles,

which seems to double their strength? or who, on the other hand, has not found himself half-paralyzed by the doubt of success, suggested, perhaps, by some malicious rival whose prophecy thus works its own fulfilment? Let the doubt be converted into certainty—let the whole mind be unwaveringly possessed by it—and the impossible becomes easy, the most commonplace action as difficult as the removal of a mountain. This is just what happens, as we have seen, in the "biological" state; and it happens, too, in any case in which people allow themselves to be possessed by some dominant idea, to which honest enthusiasm or selfish charlatanism may have given currency. Thus we remember, some twenty years ago, being among those who tested the assertion contained in Sir David Brewster's "Natural Magic," that four persons could hoist a full-sized individual from the ground upon the points of their fingers with a marvellous facility, provided that they and the person lifted all took in a full breath previous to the effort. We were sceptical of any other benefit from this preparation, than what would be physiologically afforded by the distension of the chest with air; and we were so far from experiencing the predicted result, that our share of the burden appeared to us just as great, as if we had omitted the prescribed formalities. Among our coadjutors, however, we found many, who, strong in the faith inspired by the eminent name of Sir David Brewster, implicitly believed that the body *would* ascend like a cork, and asserted that it *did* so. They were not aware how much force they were putting forth; the expectation of the result having most powerfully aided the volitional effort.

We return, however, to our biologized "subject," whom we left awaiting a new set of operations, whilst we have been rationalizing on those already witnessed. A glass of water is presented to him, and he is directed to drink it, with the assurance that it is milk, coffee, porter, wine, or any other liquid the operator may choose to name. The liquid is tasted, and all the indications of approval may be given by the "subject," who believes that he is actually partaking of the liquor in question; the assurance which has been conveyed to his mind through his sense of hearing, having taken such full possession of his consciousness, that the impressions made by the liquid itself upon his sight and taste are not sufficient to correct the erroneous notion. Here, as with the muscular movements, a curious result often presents itself, in consequence of the imperfect degree in which the subject is possessed by the notion which the operator has endeavored to impress upon him. He often, after tasting or looking at the liquid, expresses hesitation, or downright disbelief, as to the asserted metamorphosis; and reit-

\* The readers of the "Christian Observer" of that period will doubtless remember the discussion to which this occurrence gave rise; some maintaining that a genuine miracle had been worked, whilst others had the good sense to rest satisfied with the natural explanation given by the eminent medical attendants of the patient.



terated and very forcible assurances may be required to convince him that it is anything else than what it really is. Convinced, however, he usually is at last; although it is a singular fact that some biologized subjects, whose muscular movements are entirely amenable to the control of the operator, never give up their senses to his direction; whilst, on the other hand, some of those who may be most successfully played on as regards their sensations, altogether resist the influence of suggestion with respect to their movements. Nay, further, there are instances in which the "subject" will believe himself to be *tasting* anything which the operator names, but is instantly disabused by *looking* at the liquid, if its appearance is inconsistent with the representation; whilst, on the other hand, another will see milk or porter, wine or coffee, as he is directed to see it, but instantly sets himself right when directed to *taste*. Nothing can be more amusing, however, than to experiment upon a subject who has no misgivings, but whose perceptive consciousness is entirely given up to the direction of external suggestions. He may be made to exhibit all the manifestations of delight, which would be called forth by an unlimited supply of the viands or liquors of which he may happen to be fond; and these may be turned in a moment into expressions of the strongest disgust, by telling him that the liquid which he is imbibing so eagerly is something which he holds in utter abomination. Or, when he believes himself to be drinking a cup of tea or coffee, let him be assured that it is so hot that he cannot take more than a sip at a time, and neither persuasion nor bribery will induce him to swallow a mouthful at once; yet, a moment afterwards, if assured that he can do so without inconvenience, he will be ready to gulp the whole at a draught. Tell him that his seat is growing hot under him, and that he cannot remain upon it, and he will fidget uneasily for some time, and at last start up with all the indications of having found his place no longer bearable. Whilst he is firmly grasping a stick in his hand, let him be assured that it will burn him if he continue to hold it, or that it is becoming so heavy that he can no longer sustain it; and he will presently drop it, with gestures conformable to the impression with which his mind is occupied.

We as entirely repudiate the doctrine that the Will of the operator directly controls the senses of his "subject," as we reject the dogma that it immediately directs his muscular movements. We have shown that it operates on the latter, not immediately, but *mediately*, through the mind of the "subject" himself; and we hold the same to be the case in regard to the alteration of his perceptions. No one can be ignorant of the fact, that we frequently experience sensations, which, originating

in our own sensorium, instead of being called forth by impressions made by external objects upon their appropriate organs of sense, are designated as *subjective*. The ringing in the ears, the flashes of light before the eyes, the nauseous tastes or disagreeable odors constantly perverting the true savor of everything that is tasted or smelled, the feeling of cutaneous irritation excited by the simple mention of the unclean torments of our beds, are familiar examples. We may cite, as parallel phenomena, those renewals of past sensations, which are often excited, with all the vividness they could derive from the actual presence of the object, by the mere force of mental association. Thus, it is by no means uncommon for those who suffer acutely from sea-sickness, to experience nausea at the mere sight of an agitated ocean, especially if a wave-tossed vessel be within view; and a like feeling, we are assured, has been produced by the sight of a toy, in which the motion of a ship was imitated with peculiar fidelity. We have even known a case in which a lady, who witnessed the departure of a friend by sea on a stormy day, was affected with an actual paroxysm of sea-sickness. Such facts are so familiar as to have become proverbial; for the common phrase, "It makes me sick to think of it," is nothing else than the expression of a physical feeling excited by mental association. There are few persons indeed who have not experienced the vivid return of past sensations, pleasurable or painful, when the appropriate mental state had been renewed. A Roman Catholic, who had gone to confession for the first time, when a boy, with his mouth full of the taste of a particular kind of sweet cake in which he had been indulging rather immoderately, never went on the same errand, for a dozen years or more, without the distinct recurrence of the same flavor.

It is obvious, then, that visual, auditory, gustative, olfactory, or other perceptions may be excited in the mind, not merely by impressions made upon the corresponding *organs of sense*, but also by *ideas* with which the mind becomes possessed through other channels. And applying this principle (fully recognized by every scientific psychologist) to the case before us, we shall see that it affords the key which unlocks the whole of this part of the biological mystery. For when the "subject" is assured, whilst drinking a glass of water, that it is coffee or porter, this assurance, taking firm possession of his consciousness, produces the very same effect upon it as would be induced by the actual contact of the liquid in question with his tongue and palate. He tastes it, so to speak, with his mind, though he does not taste it with his tongue; and it is the mental, not the bodily impression, that constitutes the actual perception. This false

perception is not contradicted by the inconsistent impression transmitted from the organ of sense; because it is characteristic of the biologized condition, that the mind of the "subject," being *entirely* possessed by the idea which may chance to be before it at the time, can entertain no other, and is incapable, therefore, of bringing it to the test of experience. It is a mere question of the relative strength of the two suggestions — that conveyed by the assurances of the bystander, and that derived from the "subject's" own sensory impression. The latter, as we have seen, may prevail in the first instance, and may yet be overcome by the augmented force which the former will derive from vehement repetition.

It may strengthen the belief in the truth of this explanation to add a few more instances, in which, under ordinary circumstances, our sensory impressions are determined by the ideas with which our consciousness may be possessed at the time. Most persons have heard of the exclamation of Dr. Pearson — "Bless me, how heavy it is!" when he first poised upon his finger the globule of potassium produced by the battery of Sir H. Davy; his preconception of the association between metallic lustre and high specific gravity, leading him to attribute to this new body a character which the test of the balance determined to be the opposite of the fact. So Professor Bennett mentions a case of supposed child-murder in Scotland, in which, when the coffin was exhumed, the procurator-fiscal, who attended with the medical man to examine the body, declared that he already perceived the odor of decomposition which made him feel faint, and withdrew in consequence; yet, on opening the coffin, it was found to be empty; and it afterwards turned out that no child had been born, and consequently no murder committed. Another case, related by Prof. Bennett, upon an authority which we know to be trustworthy, is yet more remarkable, as showing, beyond a doubt, the reality and intensity of pains which had their origin in a mental delusion, and not in a physical lesion. A butcher, who had a shop in the market-place at Edinburgh, in trying to hang up a heavy piece of meat upon a hook above his head, lost his footing in such a manner that his arm was caught upon the hook. On being taken down and carried into the house of a neighboring surgeon, he expressed himself as laboring under the most acute agony; and the paleness of his countenance, and the almost entire absence of pulse at the wrist, were unmistakable indications of the reality of his torture. His arm could not be moved without causing excessive pain, and he frequently cried out while the sleeve of his coat was being cut off; yet when the arm was exposed, it was found quite

uninjured, the hook having only penetrated the cloth of the sleeve, and the skin being scarcely even grazed!

Those, moreover, who are familiar with hypochondriacal states, have constant opportunities of noticing how disordered sensations, referred to a particular region, are created by the determination of the patient to believe in the existence of disease; yet more, the constant direction of the attention to its supposed seat has a tendency to alter the organic action of the part, and thus to induce real disease in the stead of that which was at first imaginary. The subject has been most ably treated by Sir H. Holland; whose chapter "On the Effects of Attention on Bodily Organs" embodies the results of his large medical experience, interpreted by the most advanced principles of physiological science.

It is only necessary to glance at some of the most familiar features of Insanity, to be satisfied that the strangest perversions of the perceptions of sense exhibited by the biologized "subject" have their counterparts in those morbid states, in which the mind is possessed, not transiently but enduringly, by some dominant idea. The lunatic who supposes himself to be a sovereign prince, looks upon the place of his confinement as his palace, believes his keepers to be his obsequious officers, and his fellow-patients to be his obedient subjects; the plainest fare is converted into a banquet of the choicest dainties; and the most homely dress into royal apparel. Now and then, perhaps, a gleam of common sense will enable him to see things in a truer light, and he may be sensible of some inconsistency between his real and his imaginary circumstances; and it is curious that this should be often limited, as in the case of the biologized "subject," to some particular class of sensory impressions. Thus, a patient confined in a Scotch pauper lunatic asylum, after dilating upon the imaginary splendors of his regal state, confessed that there was one thing which he could not quite comprehend — that all his food tasted of oatmeal!

Passing now to the more purely psychical phenomena of the biological condition, we find that even such of these as are most extraordinary are readily explained on the same principle. The operator assumes the power of controlling the memory of his "subject;" and tells him that he cannot remember his own name, the first letter of the alphabet, or something equally familiar. The "subject" exhibits a puzzled and somewhat vacant aspect, and confesses that he is baffled. Nothing is more intelligible when we call to mind that the very simplest act of determinate recollection involves a voluntary change in the direction of our thought, *from the idea which may occupy the consciousness at the moment, towards that which we desire to*

recall. But the biologized "subject" is unable to escape from the notion infused into him by the operator, and the most familiar thing is consequently as much beyond the reach of his mental apprehension as a bank-note of a hundred pounds, offered him as a reward for his successful effort, would be beyond the grasp of his hands, if he has been possessed by the conviction that he cannot use them for the purpose. In fact, there is a complete parallelism between his bodily and mental state; the will being temporarily withdrawn from control over both alike.

So, again, the loss of the sense of personal identity, or the actual change of personality, which the biological operator asserts that he is able to induce, is to be referred to the same cause. Mr. A. is repeatedly assured that he is Mrs. B., or Mrs. C. is brought by reiterated assertion to the belief that she is Dr. D.; and they are incapable of correcting this absurd perversion, because the sense of personal identity is dependent upon memory, and they can recollect nothing when forbidden to do so. It is not by any means in all "subjects," that we meet with a capability of being thus affected; there are many whose ordinary course of thought and feeling can be entirely directed by external suggestion, who yet obstinately cling to their own personality; but when the transformation is made (and we have noticed that it is most readily brought about in individuals who have been habitually disposed to project themselves into characters that have strongly excited their interest in works of fiction), it is usually complete; and nothing can be more remarkable than the assumption of the tone, manner, habits of thought, forms of expression, and other characteristic peculiarities of the individual whose personality the "subject" has been made to adopt. No one who heard it could forget the intensity of the lackadaisical tone in which a lady thus metamorphosed into the worthy clergyman on whose ministry she attended replied to the matrimonial counsels of the physician to whom, in her clerical character, she had been led to give a long detail of her hypochondriacal symptoms — "A wife for a dying man, doctor!" *Intentional* mimicry could never have approached the exactness of the imitation which spontaneously proceeded from the idea with which the fair "subject" was possessed, that she herself experienced all the discomforts whose detail she had doubtless frequently heard from the real sufferer.

It is almost superfluous to remark that the precise counterpart of this condition is one of the commonest forms of insanity. Every large asylum contains patients who imagine themselves to be kings, queens, princes, lords, bishops, or the like; nay, the metamorphosis may proceed to yet greater extremes, the lunatic persisting that he is the Holy Ghost,

Jesus Christ, or even the Eternal Father. No reasoning will dispossess him of this conviction; because, whilst his mind remains under the domination of this idea, all the arguments that can be employed are to his apprehension entirely irrelevant. Even in the ordinary experience of life, we meet with individuals who are possessed by notions scarcely less absurd, from which they cannot be driven by any appeals to their common sense, simply because the dominant idea presents itself to their consciousness with greater force than does any other that can be brought before it. Of this there have been abundant illustrations during the last few months, in the vain endeavors of enlightened men to subvert the baseless vagaries of "spiritual influence" by the heavy artillery of scientific facts.

From what has been said of the unchecked operation of the principle of suggestion in the biological condition, it might easily be anticipated that the thoughts of the "subject" may be directed into any channel, by appropriate hints; and descriptions be called forth, by leading questions, of any scene which the operator chooses. This "mental travelling" as it has been called, is not accomplished with equal readiness on the part of every "subject." Those obey the impulse best who have been accustomed vividly to picture to themselves scenes or incidents; and the replies elicited are obviously determined by the previous knowledge and feelings of the individual, where they are not directly suggested by the words or tone of the questioner. The same lady who underwent the metamorphosis into a hypochondriacal clergyman, ascended in a balloon, and proceeded to the North Pole in search of Sir John Franklin, whom she found alive; and her description of his appearance and that of his companions was given with an inimitable expression of pity.

We have thus shown, by the analysis of the principal phenomena of the "biological" state, how easily they may be all reduced to the one simple principle of *suggestion*, acting on a mind which has lost for a time the power of volitional direction; and how much this state of mind, anomalous as it appears at first view, has in common with others, with which we are all more or less familiar. The chief marvel, we repeat, lies in the discovery that a continued steady gaze at a fixed object will induce this condition, chiefly with such as are constitutionally predisposed to abstraction or reverie, or who possess that kind of imaginative power which transports them into circumstances altogether different from those which surround them. The proportion of such individuals is stated by those whose experiments have been extensive to be from one in twelve to one in twenty; so that in a com-

pany of fifty or sixty persons there are pretty sure to be two or three who will prove to be good biological "subjects," if they take the appropriate means. We are far, however, from encouraging needless trials, and their frequent repetition upon the same individuals is to be especially deprecated; for the phenomena are essentially morbid; and the reiterated suspension of the volitional power over the direction of the thoughts can scarcely do otherwise than tend to its permanent impairment.

One of the most remarkable of all the effects of the biological condition, however, yet remains to be considered; namely, the superinduction of genuine sleep, which may often be accomplished in a few minutes, or even seconds, by the declaration of the operator that the "subject" *shall* sleep, or even, in some cases, by the simple prediction that he *will*. Here again, however, we find that the apparent marvel disappears upon consideration; for the most important step in the induction of sleep—the suspension of the spontaneous activity of the mind—has been already gained by the antecedent process, which, in many individuals, itself suffices to produce the whole effect. And when the biologized subject is left in a state of perfect inactivity, and the whole attention is concentrated upon the idea of sleep, it seems quite consistent with our knowledge of the conditions which most favor its ordinary supervention, that the undisturbed monotony of impression, though continued but for a short time, should be adequate to the purpose.

The duration of this slumber, and the mode of its termination, may be decided in a most remarkable manner by the impression made upon the mind of the "subject" before passing into it. If he be previously directed to awake speedily, he will awake accordingly; and the same result will ensue upon a like suggestion conveyed in other ways. Thus we have seen a lady sent off to sleep by the conviction that a handkerchief held beneath her nose was charged with chloroform; the precise symptoms ensued as if she had inhaled the narcotic vapor (which she had actually done on two or three occasions), and she gradually passed into a state of profound insensibility, from which she awoke in a few minutes, just as would have happened had she been really "chloroformed." But this same lady, having been put to sleep by the assurance that she could not resist, and having received from the operator the injunction not to awaken until called by himself, showed no sign of consciousness when a large hand-bell was rung close to her ear, when she was somewhat roughly shaken, or when a feather was passed full two inches up her nostril. Her slumber appeared likely to be of indefinite duration (in one instance a patient of Profes-

sor Simpson slept for thirty-five hours, with only two short intervals of permitted awakening); but it was instantly terminated by the operator calling lady by her name in a gentle tone.

The influence thus exerted over the duration of the sleep and the susceptibility of the "subject" to certain sensory impressions whilst utterly insensible to all others, are points of extreme interest. Believing that the solution is to be found in the *dominant impression by which the mind of the "subject" may be possessed at the time of entering this state*, we shall endeavor to confirm this instance like the rest, by an appeal to familiar experience.

Common observation affords ample proof of the influence of previous habits of attention to sensory impressions of a particular kind, in determining what *shall* and what *shall not* be effectual in recalling the sleeper from the land of dreams to the working-day world. Thus, most persons are more readily awakened by the sound of their own names, than by any other mode of address. The medical practitioner, in his first profound sleep after a laborious day, is aroused by the opening stroke of the clapper of his night-bell, or even by the movement of the bell-wire which precedes it; the telegraph-clerk, however deep his repose, is recalled to activity by the faintest sound produced by the vibration of that wondrous needle, to whose indications he is required to give diligent heed; the mother is awakened by the slightest wail of uneasiness proceeding from her infant charge. And these facts cannot be explained upon the supposition that the sleep, prevented from becoming profound by the persistence of the previous excitement, is consequently interrupted by trifling disturbances; for in all these instances the sleeper may remain unaffected by much louder sounds, which have not the same relation to his previous mental state. Thus the doctor's wife shall be insensible to the full peal of the night-bell, whose first tingle awakes her snoring spouse; and he may go forth upon his errand and return to his couch, without disturbing the slumbers of his partner. But her turn next comes; the cries of her child arouse her maternal vigilance; and she may spend hours in the attempt to soothe it to repose, which are passed by her husband in a state of blissful unconsciousness. This is no imaginary picture, but one of daily, or we should say nightly, occurrence. It is the very familiarity of these facts, which, as in so many other instances, prevents their import from being duly apprehended.

A remarkable example of this class of phenomena was furnished by the late Sir Edward Codrington. When a young man, he was serving as signal-lieutenant under Lord Hood at the time of the investment of Toulon.



and, being desirous of obtaining the notice of his commander, he applied himself to his duty—that of watching for signals made by the look-out frigates—with such perseverance that he often remained on deck nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, going below only to sleep. During his snatches of repose his slumber was so profound that no noise would awake him; and it was a favorite amusement with his comrades, to try experiments devised to test the soundness of his sleep. But if the word “signal” were *even whispered* in his ear he was instantly aroused, and was fit for immediate duty: the constant direction of his thoughts towards this single object having given to the impression produced by the softest mention of its name, a power over his mind which nothing else could exert.

But it is not requisite that the sensory impression should be one habitually attended to during the waking hours. It is generally sufficient to produce the effect, that the attention should be strongly fixed upon it before going to sleep. Thus, the traveller who requires to start early upon his journey, is awakened by a gentle tap at the door of his chamber, although he may have slept through a succession of far louder noises with which he had no concern. And the student who has set his heart upon rising at a particular hour, in order to continue some literary task, is aroused by the recurrence of the strokes of the clock which mark it, although no other may have affected him throughout the night, and although he may have habitually slept to a later hour without being disturbed by it. Nay, more; it is common to meet with individuals who have the power of determining, on going to rest, the time at which they will awake; and, unlike many, who would be prevented by such a determination from obtaining an hour of continuous repose, they enjoy unbroken slumbers until the allotted limits are reached.

Whatever may be considered as the most feasible explanation of these well-known facts, the same will be equally applicable to phenomena, which are usually considered as dependent upon some special agency, directly exercised by the will of another individual upon the corporeal organism of the sleeper. When B. goes to sleep at the bidding of A., and is also told by A. that she will awake at a certain hour, in what essential respect does the case differ from that last cited, save that the requisite state of mind is produced by the assurance of another, instead of by the spontaneous determination of the individual herself? Or, again, when B. is told, on going to sleep, that she is to awake at the sound of A.'s voice, and that no other sounds are to recall her to consciousness, wherein does the phenomenon differ from circumstances which nat-

urally occur, except in the production of the peculiar susceptibility to the one kind of sound, by an impression forced upon the individual, instead of by the habit of attention to it? In the one instance, as in the other, the effect is obviously dependent upon the previous mental state of the subject.

The state of *Somnambulism*, or sleep-walking, may be regarded as having much the same relation to that of dreaming, as the “biologized” state bears to ordinary “reverie;” in fact, it may be best characterized as an *acted dream*. There is the same want of control over the thoughts, and the same subjection of the consciousness to the one notion which may for a time possess it, as we perceive both in the dreamer and in the biologized subject; but, like the former, the somnambulist must be regarded as *asleep*, his ordinary relation to the external world being suspended; whilst, like the latter, he retains such a control over his nervo-muscular apparatus, as to execute, or at any rate to attempt, whatever it may be in his mind to do. The sequence of ideas is sometimes determined entirely by *internal suggestion*. A mathematician will work out a difficult problem: an orator will make an effective speech; a preacher will address an imaginary congregation with such pathos as deeply to move his real auditors; a musician will draw forth most enchanting harmonies from his accustomed instrument; a poet will improvise a torrent of verses; a mimic will keep the spectators in a roar of laughter. The reasoning processes may be carried on with remarkable accuracy; so that the conclusion may be quite sound, if the data have been correct. But the usual defect of the intellectual operations is, that, owing to their very intensity, the attention is drawn off from the considerations which ought to modify them; and thus it happens that the result is often palpably inconsistent with the teachings of ordinary experience, which, if they present themselves to the consciousness at all, are not perceived by it with sufficient vividness for the exercise of their due corrective influence.

In this form of *Somnambulism* there is usually as complete an insensibility, as in ordinary sleep, to all external impressions, excepting such as fall in with the existing current of ideas. No ordinary sights or sounds, odors or tastes, pricks, pinches, or blows, make themselves felt; and yet, if anything is addressed to the somnambulist which is in harmony with the notion that occupies his mind at the time, he may take cognizance of it, and interweave it with his web of thought, which may receive a new color therefrom. A case is cited by Dr. Carpenter,\* of a young lady who when at school fre-

\* *Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology*, vol. iv., p. 691.



quently began to talk, after having been asleep an hour or two; her ideas almost always ran upon the events of the previous day; and, if encouraged by questions, she would give a very coherent account of them, frequently disclosing her own peccadillos and those of her school-fellows, and expressing great penitence for the former, whilst she seemed to hesitate about making known the latter. To all ordinary sounds, however, she seemed perfectly insensible. A loud noise would awake her, but was never perceived in the sleep-talking state; and if the interlocutor addressed to her any observations that did not fall in with her train of thought, they were completely disregarded. By a little adroitness, however, she might be led to speak upon almost any subject if a transition was made from one to another by means of leading questions.

It is an important and distinctive feature of the somnambulistic state, that neither the trains of thought which have passed through the mind, nor the actions which have resulted from them, are remembered when the subject awakes; or, if any recollection of them should be preserved, they are retraced only as passages of an ordinary dream. Both the trains of thought and the events of a former somnambulistic state, are nevertheless frequently remembered, on its renewal, with the utmost vividness, even at a distant interval; and of this interval, however long it may have been, there seems to be no sort of consciousness. The same thing happens, but more rarely, in ordinary dreaming, the sleeper sometimes recollecting a previous dream, and even carrying on the thread; a circumstance which marks the close affinity of this form of dream to that of somnambulism, since it is only when the idea of the sleeper possesses the fixity and congruity characteristic of the latter, that it shows a tendency to recurrence. The following incident, which recently happened, is a good exemplification of the "acted dream," and of the continuity of the impression from one occasion to another:—A servant-maid, rather given to somnambulism, missed one of her combs; and, on making the most diligent search, was unable to find it. One morning, however, she awoke *with the comb in her hand*; so that there can be little doubt that she had put it away on a previous night, without preserving any recollection of the circumstance when she was awake; and that she had recovered it when the remembrance of its hiding-place was brought to her mind by the recurrence of the state in which it had been secreted.

Many of the most characteristic features of this species of somnambulism are presented by a case which is narrated by Dr. Carpenter as occurring within his experience.\* The sub-

ject of it was a young lady of highly nervous temperament; and the affection occurred in the course of a long illness, in which all the severest forms of hysterical disorder had successively presented themselves. The state of somnambulism usually supervened upon the waking state, instead of growing, as is commonly the case, out of sleep:—

In this condition her ideas were at first entirely fixed upon one subject, the death of her only brother, which had occurred some years previously. To this brother she had been very strongly attached; she had nursed him in his last illness; and it was perhaps the return of the anniversary of his death, about the time when the somnambulism first occurred, that gave to her thoughts that particular direction. She talked constantly of him, retraced all the circumstances of his illness, and was unconscious of anything that was said to her which had not reference to this subject. On one occasion she mistook her sister's husband for her lost brother; imagined that he was come from heaven to visit her; and kept up a long conversation with him under this impression. This conversation was perfectly rational on her side, allowance being made for the fundamental errors of her data. Thus she begged her supposed brother to pray with her; and on his repeating the Lord's Prayer, she interrupted him after the sentence "forgive us our trespasses," with the remark, "But you need not pray thus; your sins are already forgiven." Although her eyes were open, she recognized no one in this state, not even her own sister, who, it should be mentioned, had not been at home at the time of her brother's last illness.

On another occasion it happened that, when she passed into this condition, her sister, who was present, was wearing a locket containing some of their deceased brother's hair. As soon as she perceived this locket, she made a violent snatch at it, and would not be satisfied until she had got it into her own possession, when she began to talk to it in the most endearing and even extravagant terms. Her feelings were so strongly excited on this subject, that it was judged prudent to check them; and as she was inaccessible to all entreaties for the relinquishment of the locket, force was employed to obtain it from her. She was so determined, however, not to give it up, and was so angry at the gentle violence used, that it was found necessary to abandon the attempt; and having become calmer, after a time, she passed off into ordinary sleep. Before going to sleep, however, she placed the locket under her pillow, remarking, "Now I have hid it safely, and they shall not take it from me." On awaking in the morning, she had not the slightest consciousness of what had passed; but the impression of the excited feelings still remained; for she remarked to her sister, "I cannot tell what it is that makes me feel so; but every time that S— comes near me I have a kind of shuddering sensation," the individual named being a servant, whose constant attention to her had given rise to a feeling of strong attachment on the side of the invalid, but who had

\* Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology, vol. iv., p. 692.

been the chief actor in the scene of the previous evening. This feeling wore off in the course of a day or two.

A few days afterwards, the somnambulism again recurred; and the patient, being upon her bed at the time, immediately began to search for the locket under her pillow. In consequence of its having been removed in the interval (in order that she might not, by accidentally finding it there, be led to inquire into the cause of its presence, of which it was thought better to keep her in ignorance) she was unable to find it; at which she expressed great disappointment, and continued searching for it, with the remark, "It *must* be there; I put it there myself a few minutes ago, and no one can have taken it away."—In this state the presence of S— renewed her previous feelings of anger; and it was only by sending S— out of the room, that she could be calmed and induced to sleep.

This patient was the subject of many subsequent attacks, in every one of which the anger against S— revived; until the current of thought changed, no longer running exclusively upon what related to her brother, but becoming capable of direction by *suggestions* of various kinds presented to her mind, either in conversation, or, more directly, through the several organs of sense.

Here, then, we perceive the complete limitation of the consciousness to the one train of ideas which was immediately connected with the object of strong affection. Her recognition of the locket which her sister wore, when she did not recognize the wearer, was extremely curious; and, as Dr. Carpenter remarks, may be explained in two modes, each of them in accordance with the known laws of somnambulism. Either the concentration of her thoughts caused her to remember only that which was *immediately* connected with her brother, or she may have been directed to the locket by the sense of smell, which is frequently exalted in the somnambulist state to a remarkable degree, enabling the somnambulist to find out the owner of a ring or a glove amongst a number of bystanders, with as much facility as the best-trained hound. The continuity of the train of thought from one fit to the next was strongly marked in this instance; and the prolongation of the emotional excitement throughout the interval, without any idea as to its cause, is a feature of peculiar interest, as showing that some organic impression must have been left by the mental operations of the somnambulist state, which the waking consciousness could not trace to its source. Common experience furnishes facts of the same order; a sense of undefined uneasiness often remaining as a consequence of a troubled dream, of whose character there is no definite remembrance; and this uneasiness sometimes manifesting itself especially in regard to certain persons or objects, the sight of which calls forth a vague

recollection that they have been recently before the mind in some disagreeable association.

But there is a very different phase of the somnambulist state, in which the mind, though not less possessed for the time by its own idea, is yet capable of having the direction of its thoughts, and consequently the bodily actions which they prompt, as readily influenced by *external* impressions, as in the biologized subject. Between these two forms, again, there is every gradation; the facility with which the mind of the somnambulist is amenable to the guidance of suggestions, being always inversely proportional to the degree in which he is possessed by some one dominant idea. Of the form of natural somnambulism in which the influence of external impressions is most complete, the well-known case of the officer who served in the expedition to Louisburg in 1758, is an apt illustration.\* The course of his dreams could be completely directed by whispering into his ear, especially if this was done by a friend with whose voice he was familiar (another illustration of our previous position, that the sensibility to impressions is in great degree dependent on the attention paid to them in the waking state); and his companions in the transport were in the constant habit of amusing themselves at his expense. At one time they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and when the parties were supposed to be met, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired, and was awakened by the report. On another occasion they found him asleep on the top of a locker or bunker in the cabin, when they made him believe he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming, all the motions of which he immediately imitated. They then told him that a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to dive for his life, which he did, with such force as to throw himself from the locker upon the floor, by which he was bruised and awakened of course. After the landing of the army at Louisburg, his companions found him one day asleep in his tent, and evidently much annoyed by the cannonading. They made him believe that he was engaged, when he expressed great fear, and showed an evident disposition to run away. Against this they remonstrated, but at the same time increased his apprehensions by imitating the groans of the wounded and the dying; and when he asked, as he often did, who was down, they named his particular friends. At last they told him that the man next to himself in the line had fallen, when he instantly sprang from his bed,

\* This is frequently referred to the head of dreaming; but as the dream was *acted*, it most legitimately falls under the present category.

rushed out of the tent, and was aroused from his danger and his dream together by falling over the tent-ropes. After these experiments he had no distinct recollection of his dreams, but only a confused feeling of oppression and fatigue, and used to tell his friends that he was sure they had been playing him some trick.

It is a state very similar to this, that Mr. Braid discovered might be *artificially* produced by fixing the eyes, for several minutes consecutively, on some bright object placed somewhat above and in front of them, at such a distance that the convergence of their axes towards it is accompanied with a sense of effort, amounting to pain. It will be at once perceived that this process is of the same kind as that employed for the induction of the biological state; the only difference lying in the greater intensity of the gaze, and in the more complete concentration of will upon the direction of the eyes, which the nearer approximation of the object in Mr. Braid's method requires for the maintenance of the convergence. The condition thus induced differs little from the intenser forms of the biological state, save in its more complete removal from the ordinary waking consciousness. In regard to the influence of external suggestion in directing the current of thought and action, the two states are essentially the same; and we need not repeat with regard to Hypnotism what we have described so fully already. There seems to be, however, a state of greater *concentration* about the hypnotic somnambule, than exists in the biologized "subject." The whole man seems given to each perception. No doubts or difficulties present themselves to distract the attention; and, in consequence, there is a greater susceptibility to suggestions, and their results are more vividly displayed. This is the case especially in regard to *emotional* states, which are generated with the utmost facility, and which can be governed by a word, or even by the "subject's" own muscular sense, which suggests to his mind ideas corresponding to the attitude into which he may be put by the operator. Thus, if the hand be placed upon the top of the head, the somnambulist will frequently, of his own accord, draw his body up to its fullest height, throw back his head, and assume a countenance expressive of the loftiest *pride*. Where the first action does not suffice, the operator has only to straighten the legs and spine, and to place the head somewhat back, to produce the result. While this emotion is in full play, let the head be bent forward, and the body and limbs gently flexed; and the haughty bearing instantaneously gives way to the most profound *humility*. The reception of ideas connected with particular actions is not less common. If the hand be raised above the head, and the fingers be bent upon the palm, the notion of *climbing*, swinging, or pulling

at a rope, is called up; if the fingers are bent when the arm is hanging at the side, the idea excited is that of *lifting* some object from the ground; and if the same be done when the arm is advanced forwards in the position of striking a blow, the idea of *fighting* is at once aroused, and the somnambulist is apt to put it into execution. On one occasion, Dr. Carpenter tells us, a violent blow was given which chanced to alight upon a second somnambulist, whose combativeness being excited, the two closed, and belabored one another with such energy that they were with difficulty parted. Although their passions were so strongly excited, that, even when separated, they continued to utter furious denunciations against each other, a little discreet manipulation of their muscles restored them to perfect good-humor.

Not only may the mind be thus played upon, through impressions communicated to it from the body;—it can react upon the body in a way which at first sight appears almost incredible, but which is in perfect conformity with the principles already laid down. Thus an extraordinary degree of power may be thrown into any set of muscles, by telling the somnambulist that the action which he is called upon to perform is one which he can accomplish with the greatest facility. One of Mr. Braid's hypnotized subjects—a man so remarkable for the poverty of his physical development, that he had not for many years ventured to lift a weight of twenty pounds—took up a quarter of a hundred-weight upon his little finger, and swung it round his head with the utmost ease, upon being assured that it was as light as a feather. On another occasion he lifted a half-hundred weight as high as the knee on the last joint of his forefinger. The impossibility of any trickery would be evident to an observant eye, since, if he had been trained to such feats (which few of the strongest men could accomplish without practice), the effect would have been visible in his muscular development. Consequently, when the same individual afterwards declared himself unable to lift a handkerchief from the table, which he had been assured that he could not move, we saw no reason for questioning the truth of his conviction; based as this was upon the same kind of suggestion as that by which he had been just before prompted to a far more astonishing action.

In like manner various other muscular movements may be induced, of which the same individual would not be capable in the natural state. One of the most remarkable of these phenomena was the exact imitation of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind's vocal performances, which was given by a factory girl whose musical powers had received scarcely any cultivation, and who could not speak her own language grammatically. This girl, in the

hypnotized state, followed the Swedish nightingale's songs in different languages so instantaneously and correctly, both as to words and music, that it was difficult to distinguish the two voices. In order to test the powers of this somnambule to the utmost, Mademoiselle Lind extemporized a long and elaborate chromatic exercise, which the girl imitated with no less precision, though in her waking state she durst not even attempt it.

So, again, there is abundant evidence that the sensibility of a patient in this condition may be exalted to an extraordinary degree in regard to some particular class of impressions; this being due, as before, to the concentration of the attention upon the objects which excited them. We have known a youth in the hypnotized state find out, by the sense of smell, the owner of a glove from amongst a party of more than sixty persons. In another case, the owner of a ring was unhesitatingly singled out from amongst a company of twelve, the ring having been withdrawn from the finger before the somnambule was introduced. We have seen other cases, again, in which the perception of temperature was extraordinarily exalted; very slight differences, inappreciable to ordinary sense, being at once detected; and any considerable change, such as the admission of a current of cold air by the opening of a door, producing the greatest distress. Some of the most striking examples of this kind are afforded by that refinement of the muscular sense, which seems to be an almost constant character of the somnambulistic state, replacing the exercise of sight in the direction of the movements. We have repeatedly seen hypnotized patients write with the most perfect regularity, when an opaque screen was interposed between their eyes and the paper, the lines being equi-distant and parallel, and the words at a regular distance from each other. We have seen, too, an algebraical problem worked out, with a neatness which could not have been exceeded if the person had been awake. But still more curious is the manner in which the writer will sometimes carry back his pen to dot an *i*, cross a *t*, or make a correction in a word. Mr. Braid had one patient (the individual whose sense of smell was so remarkably exalted, the son of a most respectable solicitor in Manchester) who could correct with accuracy the writing on a whole page of note-paper; but if the paper was moved from the position it had originally occupied on the table, all the corrections were on the *wrong* points of the page, though on the *right* points as regarded its *previous* place. Sometimes, however, he took a fresh departure (to use a nautical phrase) from the upper left-hand corner of the paper; and all his corrections were then made in their right positions, notwithstanding the displacement. "This," says Mr.

Braid, "I once saw him do, even to the double-dotting a vowel in a German word at the bottom of the page—a feat which greatly astonished his German master, who was present." We might fill many pages with the record of such marvels, which present themselves alike in *natural*, and in *artificial* or *induced* Somnambulism. All such phenomena are reducible to the general principles we have already laid down—the concentration of the entire mind on whatever may be for a time the object of its attention, and its passive resignation (when not previously engrossed by a "dominant idea" of its own) to any notion that may be suggested to it.

There is one point which Mr. Braid's experiments have brought into prominent relief, too important to be passed by, on account of its bearing on the supposed curative powers of Mesmerism. We have already adverted to the influence of "expectant attention" upon the organic functions of the body; and the phenomena being acknowledged by scientific physiologists, there can be no difficulty in believing that the peculiar concentration of the mind in the "hypnotic" state may produce still more striking results. It is found, accordingly, that the pulsations of the heart and the respiratory movements may be accelerated or retarded; and various secretions altered both in quantity and quality. A lady, who was leaving off nursing from defect of milk, was hypnotized by Mr. Braid, and whilst she was in this state, he made passes over the right breast to call her attention to it. In a few moments her gestures showed that she dreamt that the baby was sucking, and in two minutes the breast was distended with milk, at which she expressed, when awakened, the greatest surprise. The flow of milk from that side continued abundant, and, to restore symmetry to her figure, Mr. Braid subsequently produced the same change on the other side; after which she had a copious supply for nine months. We are satisfied that, if applied with discrimination, the process will take rank as one of the most potent methods of treatment, and Mr. Braid's recent Essay on Hypnotic Therapeutics seems to us to deserve the attentive consideration of the medical profession.

We are now prepared to sift the reputed phenomena of *Mesmerism*, with some likelihood of being able to distinguish what is probable from what is incredible—what may be admitted as scientific truth, from what must be rejected until more satisfactory evidence shall be adduced in its support.

In the first place, then, we may freely admit that "mesmerized" subjects have exhibited all the symptoms analogous to those which are presented in "electro-biology" and "hypnotism." That a state resembling



"biological" reverie, as well as true somnambulism, can be induced by Mesmerism, we are assured by Dr. Gregory; and we have witnessed it not unfrequently in mesmeric somnambules who, although they had been awakened in the ordinary mode, had not completely recovered the control of their faculties—any command given to them being automatically obeyed. It is unquestionable, moreover, that the mode in which these conditions are usually generated by the mesmerizer, is such as to rivet the attention and produce a monotony of impression. Some, for instance, content themselves with directing the subject to gaze fixedly at their eyes, which is just like looking at a shilling in the hand, or at Mr. Braid's lancet-case. In fact, we have seen a young lady "biologized" either by staring at her own fingers or at the eyes of the operator; and her *rapport* with the operator was the same in both cases. Other mesmerizers employ certain strokings and wafings of the hand, termed "passes;" and these have a two-fold effect, serving to produce the monotony of impression which is favorable to the access of the sleep, and to direct the thoughts towards any part upon which it may be intended to act.

All the ordinary methods of the mesmerist, then, may be considered to operate in the same manner as when practised by those who employ them merely as means to fix the attention of the "subject." The question of magnetic or other dynamical force, which is the fundamental article in the mesmeric creed, must, therefore, be decided by quite a different kind of evidence;—namely, that which should demonstrate that either the somnambulist state, or some other characteristic phenomenon, could be induced *without the consciousness on the part of the subject that any agency was being exerted*. Now, we must own that all the evidence yet adduced to prove the affirmative of this position, appears to us to be utterly wanting in scientific accuracy. It is far more difficult than most persons who have not studied the phenomena are aware, to guard against sources of fallacy, arising out of the guesses at which the "sensitives" are marvellously ready, and their alertness in taking advantage of the unconscious intimations of what is expected. So far as our own experience has enabled us to bring this question to the test, it has gone most completely to negative the existence of such a power; for we have found that mesmerizers, who asserted that they could send particular individuals to sleep, or affect them in other ways, by an effort of "silent will," have altogether failed, when the subjects were kept from any suspicion that the will was being exercised; whilst, on the other hand, we are cognizant of numerous cases in which "sensitive" patients have gone to sleep, under the

impression that they were being mesmerized from a distance, when the supposed mesmerizer was not even thinking of them.

But, it is asserted, the existence of some such influence is proved by the peculiar *rapport* between the mesmerizer and his "subject," which is not manifested towards any other individuals, save such as may be placed *en rapport* with the "subject" by the mesmerizer. Nothing is more easy, however, than to explain this on our principle of "dominant ideas." If the mind of the "subject" be so yielded up to that of the mesmerizer, as to receive any impression which the latter suggests to it, the notion of such a peculiar relation is as easily communicable as any other. Hence the commands of the mesmerizer meet with a response which those of no one else can produce. In fact, other persons usually seem to be unheard by the somnambule, simply because they are not related to the dominant impression—a phenomenon of which, as we have seen, natural somnambulism presents frequent examples. Moreover, as individuals have brought themselves, by the habit of obedience, into complete subjection to the will of some second person, even in the waking state, without any mesmeric influence whatever, it is not at all difficult to understand how such a habit of attending to the operator, and to him alone, should be peculiarly developed in a state in which the mind has lost its self-directing power, and is the passive recipient of external impressions. The same explanation applies to the other phenomena of this *rapport*, such as its establishment with any bystander by his joining hands with the mesmerizer and the somnambule. It is because the somnambule is previously possessed with the idea that this new voice will thus be audible to her, and that she must obey its behests, that it produces the same effects as that of the mesmerizer had previously done. The history of mesmerism affords abundant evidence in support of our position; for the *rapport* was not discovered until long after the practice of the art had come into vogue, having been unknown to Mesmer and his immediate disciples; and its phenomena have only acquired constancy and fixity, in proportion as its laws have been announced and received. Several mesmerizers, who have begun to experiment for themselves without any knowledge of what they were to expect, have produced a great variety of remarkable phenomena, and yet have never detected this *rapport*; though they have obtained immediate evidence of it, when once the idea has been put into their own minds, and thence transferred into those of their "subjects." In all the experiments we have witnessed, which seemed to indicate its existence, the previous idea had either been present, or it had obviously been sug-



gested by the methods employed to induce the mesmeric somnambulism; whilst in a large number of other cases in which the subjects were not among the *habitués* of the mesmeric *séances*, their consciousness was not confined to the mesmerizer, or to those whom he placed *en rapport* with them, but was equally extended to all around.

It appears to us that the mesmeric manifestations may be grouped under the following categories:—

I. Those whose genuineness may be admitted, without any extraordinary weight of evidence in their support; since they are quite conformable to our previous knowledge, and can be explained on principles sufficiently established.

II. Those which, not being conformable to known facts, or explicable upon principles already admitted, cannot be accepted without a great amount of evidence in their favor; but which, not being in absolute opposition to recognized laws may be received, upon strong testimony, without doing violence to our common sense, holding ourselves ready to seek their explanation in a more extended acquaintance with the powers of mind and of matter.

III. But there is another order of facts, which not only lies beyond our existing knowledge, but is in direct contrariety to it. Here, even though the *external* evidence should be the same with that which affords a secure support to the preceding groups, yet, as the *internal* evidence is altogether antagonistic, its force must remain conclusive against the validity of all statements, save those which shall have been sagaciously investigated by observers qualified for the task by habits of philosophical discrimination, and by their acquaintance with the numerous sources of fallacy which attend this particular department of inquiry. Entertaining the lowest possible opinion of the logical powers of the great bulk of the upholders of the mesmeric system, it has astonished us to find the Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, bearing the honored name of Gregory, asserting the monstrous proposition, that if we admit the reality of the *lower* phenomena of mesmerism, the same testimony ought to convince us of the *higher*. Let us try the learned professor by his own canon. He would have no difficulty in crediting a witness who told him that a stone which he had let fall from a height descended to the ground; or that a solution of tartaric acid, poured upon carbonate of soda, produced effervescence. But would he place the same reliance on the assurance, that a piece of lead, let go from the top of a tower, mounted like a balloon to the sky; or that, when sulphuric acid was poured on caustic potash, the two substances continued to exhibit their previous

acid and alkaline properties, instead of uniting into a neutral salt? Once admit Dr. Gregory's principle, and there is nothing too hard for belief, either in mesmerism or anything else. Mr. Atkinson breathes a dream into a glove, and sends it to a lady; the dream occurs. Mr. Lewis raises a gentleman, previously thrown into a state of cataleptic rigidity, by the simple traction of the hand held above his head, without contact, and keeps him suspended in mid-air, like Mahomet's coffin, by the mere force of his will. And Major Buckley avers that his clairvoyant patients, to the number of one hundred and forty-eight, have read upwards of 36,000 words enclosed in boxes, and the mottoes contained in 4860 nutshells.

Now the result of recent inquiries, directed towards the phenomena of hypnotism, electro-biology, and the like, has been to bring into the first of the above categories a large number of mesmeric phenomena, which must have previously been ranked under the second; since it has been shown that nothing more is needed for their elucidation, than an extension of principles already known to physiologists. Thus, the induction of comatose sleep and of somnambulism or sleep-walking, the establishment of a peculiar *rapport* between the mesmerizer and his subject, the government of the thoughts and actions of the latter by the expressed or implied determinations of the former, the production of cataleptic rigidity or of convulsive movements in the muscles, the extraordinary exaltation of sensibility as regards particular impressions, and the production of entire insensibility with respect to others—these and numerous kindred phenomena are perfectly credible, because they are spontaneously exhibited in some cases, and may be brought about in many more, by processes which cannot be fairly supposed to have any other action than on the *mind* of the "subjects."

In the second category we may place that power of "thought-reading" which some mesmeric somnambules are affirmed to possess. Every one knows that there are individuals who have a remarkable capability of discerning what is passing in the minds of others, by the intuitive interpretation of looks, tones, and gestures, such as we all continually and unconsciously exercise in a minor degree, and where a strong motive begets a concentrated scrutiny, even dull observers will detect feelings which we had believed to be hidden in our own breasts. How common is it, for example, that a growing affection is perceived by the party who desires to be, but is not, the object of it, before its existence has been clearly revealed to the individual in whose secret soul it has taken root. Is it not quite conceivable, then, that in the state of expectant attention, which is

the necessary condition of the performance, this power of introspection should be exalted in such individuals as already possess it in an unusual degree; just as we have seen that the muscular and other senses may be intensified, by the exclusive direction of the mind to some particular class of impressions!

To this peculiar quickness we are inclined to trace a large proportion of these asserted successes of *clairvoyant* somnambules, which are triumphantly appealed to, on the one hand, as affording the most indisputable evidence of the truth of the mesmeric system, and which, on the other, are regarded as so preposterous by its opponents as to stamp the whole as a tissue of delusion or imposture. In the form in which they are presented to us by Professor Gregory and other thorough-going believers, those asserted facts must unquestionably be placed in our third category. We are required to believe that there are individuals who can tell us what is taking place at the moment in localities which they never visited, what is being done by persons whom they never saw, what is being thought or felt by individuals of whose personality they had no previous knowledge; who can inform us of the entire past history of such individuals, and can predict their future course and destination; who can tell, when a key or a ring is placed in their hands, not only to whom it now belongs, but also to whom it has belonged ever since it was a key or ring; who can read what is cunningly shut up in boxes, or hidden behind a screen of stone walls; from whose mental vision, in fact, nothing can be concealed, if only it happens to take the required direction, which (it is admitted) cannot be always secured.

In estimating the value of these statements, we must bear in mind, in the first place, that they come to us only from thorough-going believers, to whom alone are these higher mysteries revealed—the presence of an opponent or even of a neutral investigator being sufficient to prevent them altogether. Many such believers have passed at once from the extreme of scepticism to the extreme of credulity, and have been equally rash and uninquiring in both; others have always thought that “there must be something in mesmerism,” and as soon as they have met with any facts of whose reality they were satisfied, they have taken the whole series, together with the mesmeric *rationale*, for granted without the least consideration as to whether the phenomena were not otherwise explicable; and others have been predisposed from the commencement to the reception of everything however marvellous (the more incredible to ordinary apprehension, the more credible to theirs), by a strange exaggeration of the love of novelty, or by a passion for a so-called “spirituality” after which they are perpet-

ually longing. It has not yet been our fortune to meet with a single believer in these higher mysteries who has exhibited the qualities of mind which would entitle his testimony to respect upon *any other* subject in which his feelings were interested, while we have known several (and as to these the mesmerists are of course silent) who have begun with a favorable predisposition, but have ended in utter disbelief, through their detection of the fallacies which lurked behind the ostensible results. To some of these fallacies we shall briefly advert.

In the first place, we have to guard against *intentional deception* on the part of the mesmeric “subjects,” or the persons with whom they are connected. Numerous exposures have been made, from time to time; and others might, no doubt, be effected by any sharp-witted inquirer who would take the trouble to search them out. Dr. Forbes and Professor Sharpey, for example, detected a certain George Goble in opening a box within which a card had been placed for the purpose of testing his *clairvoyant* powers; the said George having previously managed so cleverly as nearly to convince the former of these gentlemen. Another case, which occurred several years ago, has recently been published, in which a pretended *clairvoyante*, having described what the members of her family at a considerable distance were doing at the moment, was found to have written to them by that afternoon's post, to cause them to answer any inquiries in such a manner as to accord with her revelations. The *motives* to such impostures are far more numerous than may be generally supposed. They are not merely love of gain or love of notoriety; though these exert a most powerful influence; but there is a tendency well known to medical men, which manifests itself especially among hysterical females (the class to which the greater number of the reputedly *clairvoyant* subjects belong), and which may almost be called a *monomania for deception*. The ingenuity displayed by them in this morbid exercise of their powers is all but incredible.

But, in the second place, we have to guard against the *unintentional deception* to which every one is exposed who goes into the inquiry either with a foregone conclusion, or with an inclination to be convinced, and we could give instances of the facility with which persons have permitted themselves to be deluded, which would excite the astonishment of unprejudiced minds. Thus the patron of Mr. George Goble was persuaded that the said George Goble had opened the box on *one occasion only*, when he experienced unusual difficulty in the exercise of his *clairvoyant* powers, but did not like to disappoint the company, and we have even seen complete failures, taken up by the believers present, and ingeniously transformed (by a slight

unintentional perversion) into marvellous successes. It is, therefore, a reasonable rule, to receive none of these statements upon the unsupported testimony of believers; not that we impute to them the least intention of stating anything but what is to their minds strictly true, but that we are sceptical as to their power of discriminating the whole of the truth.

The third, and probably the most fertile source of fallacy in the reputed performances of clairvoyant subjects, arises from the influence of *suggestion*. Most of their revelations are made in reply to interrogatories, and not only "mesmeric" but "hypnotized" somnambules, and "biologized" subjects, can be made to describe anything, existent or non-existent, by leading questions. We have repeatedly caused the two last classes to describe everything of note in our house, without giving them any positive information; and when, in the absence of other guidance, a mere guess was hazarded, coincidences have now and then occurred, such as mesmerists would doubtless have trumpeted forth as wonderful successes. But that the descriptions were either suggested or guessed, was easily shown by giving the queries a false direction; when the replies, being altered to suit them, had no relation whatever to the reality. We have tested mesmeric clairvoyants in the same manner. They all readily detail what is in everybody's house, such as chairs, tables, sofas, book-cases, piano, fire-screens, &c.; but when they have exhausted the standing catalogue, they go no further, until some suggestive question is asked, and, like the hypnotic somnambules, are readily enticed into error. In following the "lead," whether in accordance with the realities or not, they often show a marvellous amount of acuteness. It happens, however, that we possess a rather unusual piece of drawing-room furniture, to wit, an organ, of considerable size, with gilt pipes in front, which could neither be overlooked nor mistaken for anything else; yet no clairvoyant has ever spontaneously mentioned this.

In the fourth place, we may point out that in somnambulism, as in dreams, the memory, like other faculties, occasionally becomes remarkably intensified; so that the hidden stores, whose very existence had been forgotten in the waking state, have been unlocked, and an amount of information is brought into use, which the individual was himself unconscious that he possessed. This display of dormant knowledge, frequently ornamented by the imagination (which is often extremely vivid), comes upon the credulous auditors like a new revelation; until some one traces it to the pages of an Encyclopædia, or to the recollections of early life.

There are many cases of asserted clairvoy-

ance, to which, if all that is stated of them be true, none of these causes of fallacy apply. But until they have been sifted by philosophical sceptics, instead of being passively registered by believers, we feel justified in the conviction that some undiscovered fallacy exists, and this scepticism will continue, unless one of Major Buckley's 148 clairvoyants will perform the easy task of reading five lines of Shakespeare, shut up in five separate boxes; for which Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh, has offered a reward of 500*l.*, a sum quite adequate, we should think, to stimulate the most refractory "subjects" to the efficient exercise of their powers.

At the risk of exhausting the patience of our readers, we must direct their attention, before we conclude, to some of the remaining aspects of this curious subject. The automatic or semi-automatic action of the mind, which takes place when it has become possessed by an *expectant idea*, will be found to afford the key to the greater part, if not the whole, of the phenomena brought under notice a few years since by Baron von Reichenbach, and attributed by him to a hypothetical "Odyllic force." These phenomena consisted for the most part in the peculiar sensations and attractions experienced by certain "sensitive" subjects, when in the neighborhood of magnets or crystals. After a magnet had been repeatedly drawn along the arm of one of these subjects, she would feel a pricking, streaming, or shooting sensation; or she would see a small volcano of flame issuing from its poles, when gazing at them even in broad daylight; or, again, she would find her hand so irresistibly attracted towards a crystal, as to follow any movement that might be given to it. Some of these sensitives could never sleep in beds which lay north and south; but were impelled to sleep whilst looking either east or west; a fact which is considered by the learned baron to account scientifically for the somniferous influence which is occasionally experienced by the most devout church-goers. Some, again, saw sparks and flames issuing from ordinary nails or hooks in a wall—a circumstance which the baron was somewhat puzzled to explain. To us, however, it is evident that his "sensitives" were merely individuals possessed of considerable powers of voluntary abstraction; so that, like similar subjects of Mr. Braid, they could see or feel whatever they were led to believe that they would see or feel. In some instances, we admit, there is no indication of the channel through which the suggestion may have been conveyed; but when Von Reichenbach's complete want of appreciation of the importance of excluding all intimation of what was expected, is taken into account, it cannot be deemed unlikely that it was communicated,

however unintentionally, even in the cases which at first seem exceptional; nor must it be forgotten, that when the mind is in a state of concentrated attention upon a particular object, circumstances, which would pass unnoticed by others, have a powerful suggestive influence on the performer.

It is admitted by Von Reichenbach that the attractive force which draws the hand to the magnet, cannot draw the magnet to the hand; the magnet, though poised on a delicate balance, remaining unmoved by the solicitations of a hand placed beneath it. Surely this fact alone ought to have convinced him that the force which keeps the hand of the "sensitive" in contact with the magnet, has nothing in common with the physical forces, whose action is invariably reciprocal; but that it must be generated solely *within* the living body which exhibits the movement. Whatever may be his merits as a chemist, he has shown his utter incompetency for the conduct of an inquiry which is essentially physiological and psychological; and we are compelled to say that the public sanction which Professor Gregory has given to Von Reichenbach's assertions, proves that *he* too is chargeable with the same want of philosophical discrimination, and that his own recorded experiences on the subject must consequently be put aside as of little account.

Von Reichenbach never gained any large "following" in this country, for to repeat his experiments, it is necessary to find "subjects" of peculiar susceptibility, which are not always to be obtained. The next form under which the phenomena of "expectant attention" manifested themselves, was a much more popular one; and it served alike to fill up the hiatus *in time* between Odylism and Electro-Biology; and to connect these two pseudo-sciences in the minds of their votaries, by the link of a common causative force. If a ring, button, or any other small body be suspended by a string from the end of the finger, it will speedily begin to oscillate with a pendulum-like movement, and its oscillations will often take a definite direction. In our schoolboy days there was a prevalent belief, that a button so held would strike the hour of the day or night against the side of a glass tumbler. This certainly *was* the case in a large proportion of the instances in which we witnessed the experiment; but it is scarcely possible *now* to avoid seeing, that the influence which determined the number of the strokes was really *in the mind* of the experimenter; since the division of the day into hours is purely artificial, and cannot be supposed to have any other relation with the oscillations of the button, than that which it derives from the mental anticipation of a certain result. The subject was again brought up, about four years since, in another form, by Dr. Herbert

Mayo, who investigated it with a great appearance of scientific precision. Beginning with a gold ring, and then proceeding to other bodies, he came to the conclusion that "a fragment of anything, of any shape, suspended by a silk or cotton thread, the end of which is wound round the first joint either of the fore-finger or the thumb," would answer the purpose; though he finally gave the preference to a flat piece of shell-lac. To this he gave the name of "Odometer," having almost from the commencement assumed that the oscillations were dependent upon the "odyle" of Von Reichenbach, whose system he had already embraced. By varying his experiments Dr. Mayo became convinced that the direction and extent of the oscillations could be altered, either by a change in the nature of the substances placed beneath his odometer, or by the contact of the hand of a person of the opposite sex, or even of the experimenter's other hand, with that from which the odometer was suspended. He gradually reduced his results to a series of definite laws, to which he seems to have imagined them to be as amenable as the motions of the heavenly bodies are to the law of gravitation. Unfortunately, however, other observers, who worked out the subject with like perseverance and good faith, framed a very different code; and it at once became apparent to those who knew the influence which "expectant attention" exerts in determining involuntary muscular movements, that this was only another case of the same kind, and that the cause of the change of direction lay in the *idea* that some such change would ensue from a certain variation in the conditions of the experiment. Let it be tried upon *new* performers, who are entirely devoid of any expectant idea of their own, and who receive no intimation, by word or look, of what is anticipated by others, and the results are found to have no uniformity whatever. Even those who have previously been successful will find that *all their success vanishes, from the moment that they withdraw their eyes from the oscillating body*, its movements thenceforth presenting not the least regularity — a demonstration of itself that the definite direction which they previously possessed was due, not to any magnetic or odylie force, of which the body of the operator was the medium, but to the influence exercised by his ideas over his muscles, under the guidance of his visual sense.

We do not know whether Mr. Rutter's Brighton "Magnetometer" was an offshoot from Dr. Mayo's "Odometer," or had an independent origin. About the same time, however, that no inconsiderable portion of the British public was amusing itself with swinging buttons and rings from its finger-ends, the attention of scientific men was invited to the fact that a definite series of movements of

a like kind was exhibited by a ball suspended from a metallic frame (which was itself considered a fixture), when the finger was kept for a short time in contact with it; and that these movements varied in direction and intensity, according as the operator touched other individuals with his disengaged hand, laid hold with it of bodies of different kinds, or altered his condition in various other modes. Among Mr. Rutter's disciples was a homoeopathic physician at Brighton, Dr. H. Madden, who conceived the notable idea of testing the value of the indications of the magnetometer, by questioning it as to the characters of his remedies, in regard to which he was of course himself possessed with certain foregone conclusions. Globules in hand, therefore, he consulted its oscillations, and found that they corresponded exactly with his notion of what they ought to be; a medicine of one class producing longitudinal movements, which at once changed their course to transverse when a medicine of opposite virtues was substituted for it. In this way Dr. Madden was going through the whole homoeopathic pharmacopœia, when circumstances led him to investigate the subject *de novo*, with the indispensable precaution, that he *should not know* what were the substances on which he was experimenting, the globules being placed in his hand by a second person, who should give him no indication of their nature. From the moment that he began to work upon his new plan, the whole aspect of affairs was altered. The same globules produced oscillations at one time transverse, at other times longitudinal; whilst remedies of the most opposite kinds frequently gave no sign of difference. In a short time, Dr. Madden was led to the conviction, which he avowed with a candor very creditable to him, that the system he had built up had no better foundation than his own anticipation of what the result should be.

That the rhythmical motion of the hand should be sufficient to cause vibrations in the solid magnetometer, will not surprise any one, who knows how difficult it is to prevent the tremors of a telescope or microscope by the most careful construction of its supporting frame-work; or who bears in mind that the form of the speculum of Lord Rosse's telescope, weighing five tons, having a thickness of six inches, and composed of the hardest known combination of metals, is perceptibly altered (as is demonstrated by the immediate impairment of the distinctness of its reflected image) by a moderate pressure of the hand against its back. Moreover, as Dr. Madden has remarked, the arrangement of Mr. Rutter's apparatus is such as to admit of the greatest sensible effect being produced by the smallest amount of imparted motion; and every modification which increases its immobility, decreases in the same proportion its

apparent sensibility to the magnetic currents. Yet although it has been demonstrated to Mr. Rutter himself, that his apparatus is so far from being absolutely rigid that the pendulum-vibrations may be induced by intentional movement; and further, that no definite vibrations take place unless the pendulum be watched, he still persists in attributing his performances to "Human Electricity," and still draws after him a train of admiring disciples, who refuse to see the possibility of any fallacy either in his method or in his conclusions.

The same explanation will go far to account for the mysterious phenomena of the Divining Rod, whose ancient reputation has been hitherto proof, even in the estimation of many who are ranked among the master-spirits of the age, against the scepticism of modern science in regard to all matters which it cannot explain. In many parts of the world there are to be found certain individuals, who profess to be able to discover the presence of hidden treasures, mineral veins, or springs of water, by the indications afforded by a forked hazel twig, shaped like the letter Y. The two legs of the fork being firmly grasped by the hands, in such a position that the stem shall point forwards, the diviner walks over the ground to be explored; and it is affirmed that the stem begins to bend upwards or downwards as soon as he passes over the object of which he is in search, its writhings being obvious to the bystander, and becoming stronger and stronger as the fork is held tighter. The motions of the rod, like the oscillations of the odometer, are *facts* — explain them how we will; and notwithstanding that there may have been much intentional deception, yet the phenomena have presented themselves so frequently, when the rod was in the hands of individuals whose good faith could not be doubted, that we cannot set them down as being always, or even generally, no better than conjuring tricks. The "expectant attention" of the performer was long since recognized as the cause of the movements by MM. Chevreul and Biot; who many years since made a most valuable series of experiments which have never attracted the attention they deserve. Even Dr. H. Mayo, with all his predilection for odyllic agency, was constrained to admit that when his performer knew which way he (Dr. M.) *expected the fork to move*, the results were conformable; but that when the man was left in ignorance, or was blindfolded, they were vague and contradictory.

The question still remains, whether, after making due allowance for the influence of "expectant attention," there are any residual phenomena which this agency does not explain, and which must still be ranked as



the mysteries of the divining-rod. All our inquiries have led us to one conclusion — that *where every kind of suggestion has been excluded, the failure has been complete*; and that the instances of success are to be accounted for (where no fraud was practised) by guesses on the part of the performers themselves, or by the unintentional promptings they have received from the bystanders who are in the secret. It was clearly shown by the French *savans*, that when the effort to maintain a fixed position is kept up in any part of the body for some time, the attention being directed to it, a state of *muscular tension* is induced, which at last discharges itself in movement. The forked hazel-twig cannot be firmly grasped for a quarter of an hour or more, without such a tendency to approximation or to separation between its branches, that its point is made to move upwards or downwards, according to the mode in which the rod is held; and the higher this state of tension has become, the more readily will the slightest suggestion determine the time and the direction of its movement.

We are now arrived, we are thankful to say, at the latest phases of this remarkable series of popular delusions. Into the previous history of the "Spiritual Manifestations" on the American side of the Atlantic, we do not think it worth while to enter; it will be quite enough to examine the phenomena, as they presented themselves to the observation of the British public. The facts of the case were, briefly, as follows: — The "medium" professed to place the questioner in such a relation with any departed spirit whom the latter might choose to summon, that answers should be given by the spirit to any questions which the summoner put *mentally*, without making them known either to the medium or to any one else. The replies were conveyed by gentle raps from the spirit, whilst the questioner gradually moved a pointer along the successive letters of the alphabet, or the figures of the numeral series, a fresh commencement being made after each letter had been indicated. In this manner words were put together; and, with patience, a whole sentence might be formed. Now, even allowing the strongest weight to the *a priori* improbabilities of this method of communication, and giving to Mrs. Hayden and her disciples the full credit, or rather discredit, of being a cheat, the means by which so many correct answers were given to questions which had never been put in any other than a mental shape, yet remained a mystery. The true explanation was first suggested by Mr. G. H. Lewes, in a weekly newspaper. This gentleman considered that Mrs. Hayden probably derived her indications when to "rap," from some involuntary sign of the questioner, as

his pointer arrived at the letter which should form the next component of the answer; — this sign being either a delay in passing to the next letter, or some unconscious gesture, which would be perceived by an observer habitually on the watch. By *purposely* giving such indications, he caused Mrs. Hayden to *rap out* answers, of the most absurdly erroneous character, to a series of questions which he had previously written down, and communicated to another member of the party, for the sake of negating any charge of invention that might be raised against him. One exception, however, did occur to the constant character of these replies, and that was the one made to the final question — "Is Mrs. Hayden an impostor?" to which the answer was returned by unhesitating raps, as his pointer came upon the letters Y, E, S.

The correctness of this solution was confirmed by the results of many similar experiments; and we could give a long series of ludicrous replies, which were spelled out under the direction of waggish questioners. We uniformly found too that those whose questions had been most accurately answered, were persons of excitable temperament, who were liable to betray by outward emotion more or less of what was passing in their minds, whilst those to whom the spirits would give no information were persons of comparatively imperturbable nature, possessing considerable command over their muscles. On one occasion a scientific friend, who belongs to the former class, having been much surprised at the accuracy of the replies he obtained, but having observed that none could be furnished to a gentleman whose temperament was of the opposite kind, made a fresh trial, with the determination to prevent any indication escaping him of the times at which he expected the "raps." His second experiment was as complete a failure as the first had been a success. It was clearly proved, in conclusion, that the sounds *can* be produced by a movement of the foot, which is not perceptible even to those who are watching it. Mrs. Hayden, however, has doubtless realized a very considerable profit from the gullibility of the London public, who paid her almost as handsomely for this exercise of her toes, as if they had been employed in the highest performances of the choreographic art.

The taste for "spiritual communications" once excited, has taken such hold of the minds of impressible subjects, that the number of "mediums" who now sincerely believe themselves to be holding intercourse with departed spirits, would almost surpass the belief of any sober-minded man, who did not know the liability of such vagaries to become epidemic. Until we shall have heard of revelations presenting more internal evidence of genuineness, than is afforded by the

anxiety of a careful old housekeeper that her daughter shall lay in an adequate stock of preserves for family consumption, by the modest disclaimer of Shakspeare who assures the world that he is "a very much overrated poet," or by the indignation of Columbus that America is not called by his name, we must take leave to class the communications in the same category with the dreamy reveries of religious mystics in all ages, and to regard the "mediums" as simply persons who are possessed with certain "dominant ideas," of which, for their own mental health, it is desirable that they should be freed as soon as possible.

It can scarcely be necessary for us to enter into any elaborate analysis of the phenomena of *Table-turning*. What are the facts? A number of individuals seat themselves round a table, on which they place their hands, with the idea impressed on their minds that the table will move after a time in a rotatory manner; the direction of the movement, whether to the right or to the left, being generally arranged at the commencement of the experiment. The party sits, often for a considerable time, in a state of solemn expectation, with the whole attention fixed upon the table, and looking eagerly for the first sign of the anticipated motion. Generally one or two slight changes in its place herald the approaching revolution; these tend still more to excite the eager attention of the performers, and then the veritable "turning" begins. If the parties retain their seats, the revolution only continues as far as the length of their arms will allow; but not unfrequently they all rise, feeling themselves obliged (as they assert) to *follow* the table; and from a walk, their pace may be accelerated to a run, until the table actually spins round so fast that they can no longer keep up with it. All this is done, not merely without the least consciousness on the part of the performers that they are exercising any force of their own, but for the most part under the full conviction that they are not.

To those who already possessed the clue to the mysteries of electro-biology, odyllic force, the magnetometer, *et hoc genus omne*, nothing could be simpler than the explanation of table-turning. As in so many other cases, the continued concentration of the attention upon a certain idea gives it a dominant power, not only over the mind, but over the body; and the muscles become the involuntary instruments whereby it is carried into operation. In this case, too, as in that of the divining-rod, the movement is favored by the state of muscular tension which ensues when the hands have been kept for some time in a fixed position. Many of those who tried the experiment upon a table that was somewhat refractory, felt at last that they must

move their arms, to get rid of the uneasy sensations they experienced.

All the results of the variations introduced into the experiment are perfectly conformable to this notion of their origin. Thus, when the direction of the movement had not been previously determined, it has generally happened (within our experience at least) that the table turned *from right to left*; plainly because it is the same direction which we give to everything (as in turning a winch, passing the after-dinner bottle, or spinning a a teetotum) to which we are in the habit of imparting rotation, unless with some definite purpose to the contrary. When what we may term the *retrograde* movement has occurred, we have generally been able to trace it to the agency of a single individual, whose "lead" has been unconsciously followed by the other performers; and the direction which he originates may be determined by the accident of his position. An intelligent writer has remarked, that if the body rests more on one side than on the other (which is almost always the case when the muscles are fatigued by remaining long in one posture), the automatic movement tends to direct the table *from* that side towards the other; and he states that he has thus determined the movement at his pleasure, by throwing the weight of his body (whilst standing) upon the right or the left leg. It was a favorite doctrine with those who attributed the rotation to electrical agency, that the movement would take place much earlier if the table were insulated; and this, in a great number of comparative experiments, seemed undoubtedly the case. The fact, however, would afford no support to the electrical hypothesis, even if this were tenable on other grounds, unless the performers had been left in ignorance whether the table were insulated or not; since the expectation that it would move round sooner, under particular circumstances, was quite sufficient to bring about the result. The same explanation applies to another method which was at one time much in vogue, and was even represented by some to be essential to success—that of forming a continuous circuit of hands, by spreading them out so that they touched each other by their little fingers and thumbs. In this case, also—the hands being extended in a constrained position, instead of resting easily upon the table—the state of muscular tension is much more rapidly induced, and more quickly becomes unbearable. Again, we may fairly attribute to the "dominant idea" that feeling of obligation to go along with the table when once its revolution has commenced, which is obviously the real cause of its continued movement. Although the performers may most conscientiously believe that the attraction of the table carries them

along with it, instead of an impulse which originates in themselves propelling the table, yet we never met with one who could not readily withdraw his hand if he really *willed* to do so. But it is the characteristic of the state of "expectant attention," to which the actors give themselves up in all such performances, that the power of volition is entirely subordinated to that of the "dominant idea."

Finding, then, in the known laws of mental physiology a sufficient explanation of these wonders, it is against all the rules of philosophy to assume that any other force is concerned in their production. Yet we have learned, by painful experience, that when the common sense of the public once allows itself to be led away by the love of the marvellous, there is nothing too monstrous for its credulity. The greatest difficulty in the whole case has been to persuade the performers that the movement of the table was really due to the impulse which it received from their hands — their conviction being generally most positive, that as they were not conscious of any effort, the table must have been propelled by some other agency. So resolutely was this believed, that when the table was intentionally prevented from moving by the pressure of one of the parties, so that the hands of another performer, automatically moving in the expected direction, slid over its surface, the fact, instead of being received as evidence that the hands *would* have moved the table, had it been free to turn, was set down to a repulsive influence exerted by the table on the hands! Even since Professor Faraday's ingenious apparatus has supplied the most unequivocal proof that the movement of the table, instead of anticipating that of the hands, is consequent upon the pressure which they impart, there are many who affirm that the tested cases could not have been genuine, and yet decline to apply the touchstone to their own performances. This is in the very spirit of the opponents of Galileo, who would not look through his telescope at the satellites of Jupiter, because they supplied evidence in favor of the Copernican theory.

In our investigation of these phenomena we have found it necessary to treat with complete disregard the testimony of all who had given themselves up to the domination of the table-turning idea; for it has happened — no doubt quite unintentionally — that they commonly omitted from their narrative the very point most essential to the elucidation of the mystery. Thus a lady assured us that, in her house, a table had moved round and round, *without being touched*. On inquiring into the circumstances, we found that a hat had been placed upon the table, and the hands of the performers upon the hat; but our fair informant was as sure that the hat

could not have carried the table along with it, as she was that the hat moved round without any mechanical force communicated from the hands! In another case we were seriously informed that a table had been moved round *by the will of a gentleman sitting at a distance from it*; but it came out, upon cross-examination, that a number of hands were laid upon it in the usual way, and that after the performers had sat for some time in silent expectation, the operator called upon the spirit of "Samson" to move the table, which then obediently went round. Experience of the worthlessness of the testimony of table-turners is thus an additional warning against accepting the evidence borne by the champions of Mesmerism to the wonders which they honestly declare themselves to have witnessed.

We had hoped that a little reflection was making the perpetrators of these absurdities sufficiently ashamed of themselves, when a new style of performance, a sort of "cross" between "spirit-rapping" and "table-turning," began to claim the attention which its predecessors no longer commanded. This consisted in *putting questions* to the table, with directions that it should *reply* by turning to the right or to the left, or by tilting over towards one side or the other, or by rapping with one of its feet; and conversations were thus carried on, either by asking such questions as might be answered by a simple *yes* or *no*, or by directing the table to spell the words of the reply by such methods as the experimenters should devise. A large number of persons, of various ranks and degrees, have given themselves up to the belief, that by these clumsy contrivances they are brought into direct intercourse with the spirit-world. Nothing can be clearer than that these movements of the tables, like the preceding, usually take place in accordance with the *ideas* entertained by some or all of the performers. The very system of communication affords the proof of itself; for how could the meaning of the signs given by the tables be known to those who interrogated them, save by the conformity of the reply, with the foregone conclusion of the questioner as to what that reply should be? In fact we could select no more forcible illustrations of our previous principles than those which are afforded by the last three publications of which we have placed the titles at the head of this article.

The Rev. N. S. Godfrey is obviously possessed by the dominant idea that scepticism as to the personal existence and constant agency of the Devil is one of the crying sins of the present period; and that supernatural manifestations of his power, in a mode obvious to our senses, are to be reasonably expected. He has also adopted the conclusion

that whatever the nature of the power or influence which produces "table-moving" may be, "it is at present a controlling one; that it is an intelligent power; that it is an obedient power; and that it is, when its effect is manifested in an insensate piece of wood, as a table, a supernatural one. He traces Satanic agency downwards from the times of the Egyptian magicians to the present epoch; appealing, in proof of the prevalence of "the evil spirits" in our own time, "to the tradition of every country, town, and neighborhood." Having thus, as he honestly tells us, "prepared the way," Mr. Godfrey sits down with his wife and his curate, with their hands upon a small round mahogany table; which (as we presently learn) stood upon three legs. Having got the table into motion, and assumed the direction of its movements, he commanded it to stand on one leg to move forward on one leg, to move forward on its three legs successively, to rock quickly from side to side, to turn to him, to turn from him, to throw off a hat in a given direction — all which commands it implicitly obeyed. When it is remembered *who* were Mr. Godfrey's partners in this performance, and that (as he honestly informs us) they were satisfied that he really had power to cause the table to obey him, their unconscious yielding to his suggestions, after they had been sitting in solemn expectancy for three-quarters of an hour, is precisely what our physiological view of the matter would lead us to anticipate. He now began to interrogate the table upon the subject as to which he was evidently most anxious for information: —

I spoke to the table, and said, "If you move by electricity, stop." It stopped instantly! I commanded it to go on again, and said, while it was moving, "If an evil spirit cause you to move, stop." It moved round without stopping! I again said, "If there be any evil agency in this, stop." It went as before.

It is obvious, from Mr. Godfrey's subsequent explanations, that he was not at all staggered by this negative reply, and that he had, in fact, rather expected it; having already conceived the idea that the spirit which moved the table would be forced by the Arch-fiend to attempt "to deceive the very elect." He accordingly devised a test, on whose efficacy he felt that he could rely: —

I was now prepared for an experiment of a far more solemn character. I whispered to the schoolmaster to bring a small Bible, and to lay it on the table when I should tell him. I then caused the table to revolve rapidly, and gave the signal. *The Bible was gently laid on the table, and it instantly stopped!* We were horror-struck. However, I determined to persevere. I had other books in succession laid on

the table, to see whether the fact of a book lying on it altered any of the conditions under which it revolved — it went round with them without making any difference! I then tried with the Bible four different times, and each time with the same result; it would *not move so long as that precious volume lay upon it.* — p. 22.

After a few more experiments, the party went to supper; and then, "at twenty minutes before twelve," they again laid their hands on the table. As soon as it had begun to move, Mr. Godfrey pursued his interrogations, still plainly under the impression that he had got hold of a "lying spirit;" and the following were his results: —

I now said, "If there be a hell, I command you to knock on the floor with this leg twice;" it was motionless. "If there be no hell, knock twice;" no answer. "If there be a devil, knock twice;" no motion. "If there be not a devil, knock twice;" *to our horror, the leg slowly rose and knocked twice!* I then said, "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, if there be no devil, knock twice;" it was motionless. This I tried four several times, and each time with the same result. I then asked other questions — "If there be a heaven, knock twice." "If there be not a heaven." "If there be not an eternity." "If the soul live after death." To not one of these questions could I get an answer. — p. 24.

The table nevertheless would answer readily enough to common-place interrogatories, such as the day of the month, and actually announced that the party had entered upon the next day, having carried on their experiments until past midnight — a piece of intelligence which Mr. Godfrey seems to think supernatural, but for which we should account by the supposition that some one of the party either knew or guessed that the clock had struck twelve.

It is curious to observe how little some persons know of themselves. Mr. Godfrey assures us that, when the Bible was placed on the table, the emotion in the minds of all the parties was that of simple curiosity, and that, if they had a bias, it would have been *against* the table stopping. Why, the very fact of trying such an experiment, taken in connection with Mr. Godfrey's obvious prepossessions on the subject of evil spirits, witchcraft, &c., sufficiently indicates what his real ideas were, even though he might not acknowledge them to himself.

Mr. Godfrey's second pamphlet contains much more to the same effect. He had established such an understanding with his table, that it "lifted up its foot" and rapped, sometimes very emphatically, when it meant *yes*, and was silent when it meant *no*. The interrogations were all what lawyers would call "leading questions;" and no one can doubt for an instant what were the answers expected by the inquirer. The spirit having

announced himself (by spelling out his name) as Alfred Brown, and given a faint affirmative reply to the question, "Are you immortal?" the conversation thus proceeded:—

Are you sorry now for the sins you committed when alive?—Yes (very emphatically).

Are you suffering now from those immoral desires, without the power of satisfying them?—Yes (very decidedly).

Do we increase your suffering by keeping you here?—No answer.

Do you want to be released?—No answer.

Had you rather stay?—Yes.

Does the devil send you here?—Yes (very emphatically).

Does he send you here for the purpose of deceiving us?—Yes (very decidedly).

Does God compel you to answer questions?—Yes.

Do you like to answer me?—Yes (very emphatically).

Shall you be sorry when you leave here?—Yes.

Are you happier in the presence of God's people?—Yes (decidedly).

Must you come again if told by Satan?—Yes.

Are you compelled by God to come to tell us that table-turning is of the Devil?—Yes.

Could you answer with the Bible on you?—No.

We shall now give the Rev. E. Gillson an opportunity of narrating his experiences. He has obviously taken his cue from his predecessor; knowing, like him, "that we are surrounded by innumerable devils," though scarcely expecting to have their agency thus sensibly manifested; and laboring, in addition, under strongly excited feelings as to Papal aggression. The following is his narrative of the occurrences of a table conversation held at the house of some members of his congregation:—

I placed my hand upon the table, and put a variety of questions, all of which were instantly and correctly answered. Various ages were asked, and all correctly told. In reply to trifling questions, possessing no particular interest, the table answered by quietly lifting up the leg, and rapping. But, in answer to questions of a more exciting character, it would become violently agitated, and sometimes to such a degree that I can only describe the motion by the word *frantic*.

I inquired, Are you a departed spirit?—The answer was Yes, indicated by a rap.

Are you unhappy?—The table answered by a sort of writhing motion, which no natural power over it could imitate.

It was then asked, shall you be forever unhappy?—The same kind of writhing motion was returned.

Do you know Satan?—Yes.

Is he the Prince of Devils?—Yes.

Will he be bound?—Yes.

Will he be cast into the abyss?—Yes.

Will you be cast in with him?—Yes.

How long will it be before he is cast out?—He rapped ten.

Will wars and commotions intervene?—The table rocked and reeled backwards and forwards for a length of time, as if it intended a pantomimic acting of the prophet's predictions:—The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage; and the transgression thereof shall be heavy upon it; and it shall fall, and not rise again (Is. xxiv. 20).

I then asked, where are Satan's head-quarters? Are they in England?—There was a slight movement.

Are they in France?—A violent movement.

Are they in Spain?—Similar agitation.

Are they at Rome?—The table literally seemed frantic.

At the close of these experiments, which occupied about two hours, the invisible agent in answer to some questions about himself did not agree with what had been said before. I therefore asked,

Are you the same spirit that was in the table when we began?—No.

How many spirits have been in the table this evening?—Four.

This spirit informed us that he had been an infidel, and that he embraced Popery about five years before his death. Amongst other questions, he was asked,

Do you know the Pope?—The table was violently agitated.

I asked, How long will Popery continue?—He rapped ten; exactly coinciding with the other spirit's account of the binding of Satan.

Many questions were asked, and experiments tried, in order to ascertain whether the results would agree with Mr. Godfrey's, and on every occasion they did, especially that of stopping the movement of the table with the Bible. The table was engaged in rapping out a number, but the instant the divine volume was laid upon it the movement ceased. When the Bible was removed it went on. This was repeatedly tried, and invariably with the same result. Other books were laid upon the table, similar in size and shape to the Bible, but without any effect.

As we proceeded with our questions, we found an indescribable facility in the conversation, from the extraordinary intelligence and ingenuity displayed in the table; e. g., I inquired if many devils were posted in Bath.

He replied by the most extraordinary and rapid knocking of the three feet in succession, round and round for some time, as if to intimate that they were innumerable.

I asked, Can you give me your name?—Yes.

Give me the first letter by rapping the number from the beginning of the alphabet. It was instantly done.

The second letter. It was given.

I would not allow him to proceed, because he had told us that his relations lived in Bath, and I thought it might lead to very painful feelings, if the name were given.

However, it is needless to multiply particulars.



I might enumerate scores, if not hundreds of questions, which were instantly answered in a similar manner.

Both these clerical seers assert that Professor Faraday's physical proof that the table never moves, unless the performers make it move by their own pressure, has not the slightest bearing upon *their* experiments; inasmuch as, naively observes Mr. Godfrey, "those who tried it in his (Professor Faraday's) presence imparted the motion, he tells us, *which we did not*;" whilst Mr. Gillson assures us that "the most violent movements were often performed *without the slightest pressure*." But they must have read Professor Faraday's letter to very little purpose, if they did not see that *his* table-turners were at first as fully convinced as *theirs* that the table could not have derived its motion from them; they repudiated the idea stoutly when it was suggested them; but the infallible indicator showed that they always *did* press before the table moved, and that *until* they pressed, the table was stationary. Unless, therefore, Messrs. Godfrey and Gillson *prove* by the use of Professor Faraday's indicator, or some other equally valid test, that they *do not* move the table, their affirmation is not of the slightest value. Those who have followed us through this discussion will have met with numerous instances in which motion was unquestionably communicated without any consciousness on the part of the mover, and in which gigantic efforts were put forth without any sense of extraordinary exertion. It is not a little amusing to find Mr. Godfrey concluding his investigations with the assertion that table-turning "appears to be whatever the investigator supposes it to be," and that its general law, therefore, is *Lying and Deceit*, in other words *Satanic Agency*. To us, as to him, the motion appears to be "lying and deceit," so long as the actors in it so egregiously and pertinaciously *deceive themselves*.\*

We must add a few words of remark upon that condition of the public mind, which has been revealed by the prevalence of this table-turning and table-talking mania. When the physician studies the history of epidemic diseases, he sees that their spread is limited by the *predisposition* of the people whom they affect; and that this predisposition is nothing

else than a certain state of bodily constitution induced by previous habits of life. When that condition is fully established, a very small dose of the zymotic poison is sufficient to produce the most direful results. When, on the other hand, such predisposition is entirely wanting, through the previous observance of all the laws of health, the same poison, even though present in far greater potency, is altogether innocuous. Now there are epidemic disorders which affect the mind, as well as diseases which attack the body; and the prevalence of the former, as of the latter, must be accounted as indicative of something essentially wrong in our previous condition; especially when it is recollected that the last delusion has taken a firm hold, not merely of ignorant men and silly women, but of well-instructed, sober-minded persons, by whose judgment on ordinary subjects we should set the greatest store. There can be no question then that Prof. Faraday was right in the hint he so modestly gave, that the unfavorable predisposition arises from a radical defect in our system of education; and we shall briefly endeavor to point out where the defect lies.

The study of *Human Nature*—physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual—is by far too much neglected in our educational arrangements. That the preservation of corporeal health is in great degree dependent upon the observance of the rules dictated by physiological science, and that a general knowledge of the structure and functions of man's *body* is really worth his possessing, for its own sake, is gradually coming to be generally acknowledged. We would urge, however, that an acquaintance with the constitution of his *mind* is not one whit the less desirable for the right development of its powers and for the preservation of its health. We have seen, in the various phenomena we have been discussing, how largely the will is concerned in all those higher exercises of the reasoning powers, even upon the most common-place subjects, by which our conduct ought to be governed; and how important it is that the automatic tendencies, of whatever nature, should be entirely subjugated by it. We are satisfied, from extensive observation, that in a large proportion of cases of insanity, the disorder is mainly attributable to the want of

\* We do not pretend to account for all the wonders of table-talking narrated by Mr. Godfrey, nor for those which have been privately communicated to us. Nor do we feel called upon to make the attempt, until we can convince ourselves that we are in full possession of *all* the facts of the case, some of the most essential of which are frequently (as we have shown) left out of the narration. But we may mention that we have reason to suspect that the responses given by the automatic movements are not always directed by ideas that are distinctly present to

the consciousness at the moment, but may proceed from impressions left upon the brain by some past events—such impressions as often vaguely flit before our thoughts in the waking state, but reproduce themselves more distinctly in dreaming, in delirium, or in those sudden memories which sometimes flash in upon us unbidden, *why* or *whence* we cannot tell. This is only an hypothesis, but it will be found to be in strict conformity with the physiological views put forth by Dr. Carpenter as to the unconscious acting of the cerebrum.

From Household Words.

## A LOCUST HUNT.

acquisition, in early life, of proper volitional control over the current of thought; so that the mind *cannot* free itself from the tyranny of any propensity or idea which once acquires an undue predominance. The deficiency of power to repel the fascinations of some attractive delusion that appeals to the vanity, to the love of the marvellous, or to some other receptive predisposition, by employing the reason to strip off its specious disguise and expose its latent absurdities, really proceeds from a want of the same kind, the supply of which ought to be one of the prominent objects of educational culture in every grade.

In all ages, the "possession" of men's minds by dominant ideas has been most complete, when these ideas have been *religious* aberrations. The origin of such aberrations has uniformly lain in the preference given to the feelings over the judgment, in the inordinate indulgence of emotional excitement without adequate control on the part of the rational will. No one, who is as yet untainted by kindred sentiments, can read the productions of Mr. Godfrey and Mr. Gillson, without perceiving that they have abandoned their sober judgment, if ever they possessed any, to the tyranny of their abhorrence of Papal aggression and their dread of Satanic agency, as completely as the biologized "subject" gives up the guidance of his thoughts to the direction of the operator. This is, in fact, the most melancholy part of the whole affair; since they thus place themselves beyond the pale of any appeals to their reasoning faculty, and lead others into the same position. Such persons are no more to be argued with than are insane patients. They cannot assent to any proposition which they fancy to be in the least inconsistent with their prepossessions; and the evidence of their own feelings is to them the highest attainable truth. It is not to these that we address ourselves—"Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone"—but we would save from this pseudo-religious pestilence those who are yet unharmed by it, and who may find themselves unexpectedly smitten by its baleful poison. If any further warning be required, it is to be drawn from the fact that many of the victims of these delusions have become the subjects of actual insanity. Mr. Gillson himself confesses to have heard of one such case, which might, he admits, have been caused by excitement, though, he adds, "I think it more probable that a spirit entered in and took possession." What kind of spirits they are, which thus take possession of credulous and excitable minds, we hope that we have made sufficiently plain. They are *Dominant Ideas*.

REFUSE not to be informed; good counsel breaks no man's head.

I WAS quietly at work at Capri one day last August in my study, laboring to breathe as well as the great heat would let me, when a wild-looking youth rushed in to me from Anacapri, with news that the locusts were come. The disease of the vines had already caused great loss, and now there were the locusts eating up the harvest. A great part of Anacapri, said the youth, is as bare as if a fire had swept across it. The invaders had already got over the brow of the mountain, and were in the woods below. Would I go out and see them? Certainly I would.

As we approached their advanced guard under cover of a low wood, we could hear the incessant click-click of the enemy, and every now and then we were fallen upon by locust scouts, that dashed against our faces or clung to our pantaloons. As we proceeded we found them frolicking in legions, like imps let loose for mischief. As the atmosphere was already thicker than I liked, I did not that morning go up to see how things looked at the worst. I went back to pay a visit to the Syndic, and ascertain what could be done to mend them.

Trouble of this kind comes upon Capri once in every three or four years; but there had been no swarm so great as the present since the great plague of locusts twenty years ago. "That, indeed," my informant said, "was awful. They climbed our walls, got into our houses and churches, crawled over the altars, ate up the entire harvest; and who can say what else might have happened if it had not been for Saint Antonio? Some missionary priests were then among us, and they ordained a solemn procession of women; they were all to walk with their hair loose about their shoulders, and the priests in front carrying the image of the saint. Before the procession was over, a strong east wind came and blew all the locusts into the sea, just over the Blue Grotto. Ah, Signor, Saint Antonio is very powerful!"

Report having been formally made to the Syndic, his excellency, in true official style, ordered a bag of the devastators to be collected and sent off to the sub-intendant, who resides at Castellamare, in order that he might ascertain whether indeed they were really locusts. Until that point was officially decided, the Syndic could disburse none of the public money to arrest the plague; which was of course spreading meantime with the steadiness of a prairie-fire over the woods and fields. The grain was being bitten off under the ear as cleanly as though cut by scissors; fig-trees were stripped and barked. Our messenger reached Castellamare after business hours. The deputy was enjoying his evening leisure, and could speak with nobody.

On the next day, however, the Syndic of Anacapri, having obtained the requisite permission, attached a placard to the walls of his house, offering a reward for the capture of locusts at the rate of about a penny for a pound. All the idle population of the district instantly became busy, and went out locust-hunting in parties of five or six, with sacks and sheets. A sheet held by a man at each corner being lifted up like a wall across the path of the invaders, one or two people with brooms beat the bushes and swept the earth, causing the disturbed locusts to fly on until the sheet was black with them. Then it was quickly doubled up, the insects were scraped from it into a sack, and preparations were made for the taking, in the same way, of another batch. A locust-hunter tells me that he is earning at his work sixteen pence a-day; six-pence a-day beyond his usual wages. I am told, also, by the parish priest of Anacapri, that in a few days the whole body of hunters in that small district has taken upward of twenty hundredweights; but he remembers one season in which there were as many taken in a single morning.

The reward for captured locusts is not paid until they are dead and buried. Dead and unburied they soon putrefy under a hot sun, and breed pestilence. There is a point in the island called Monte Solario, about eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. Thither the locusts are all taken after they have been soaked in boiling water; and having in that way killed them by the sackful, in a deep pit they bury them.

**IMPROVEMENTS IN LITHOGRAPHY.**—We have repeatedly had occasion to notice the vast improvements which have latterly been effected in the art of lithographic printing, more especially in its application to color-printing. The "Industrial Arts of the Nineteenth Century," and other works which have so recently issued from the presses of Messrs. Day and Son, and the exquisite works in chromo-lithography produced at the Imperial Printing-office, Vienna, afford the strongest evidence of the present position of this interesting and important branch of art. All that was needed to make lithography of universal application was such an increase in the power of production as would cause it to approach nearer the speed of ordinary letter-press printing. We stated some months since the fact that at the Imperial Printing-office at Vienna a considerable advance had been made in this direction, and that, by the use of self-acting presses driven by steam power, as many as from 800 to 1,000 impressions were taken from the stone within the hour. The inventor of this machine is C. Sigl, engineer of Berlin and Vienna. We had yesterday an opportunity of seeing the press at work on the premises of Messrs. Maclure, Macdonald, and Co., when its performance fully

justified the encomiums which we had passed upon it on former occasions.

The principal feature in the machine consists of a damping apparatus, simple and highly effective in its character. It consists of a roller of hollow brass tube, pierced with numerous holes, and the surface of which is covered with such porous substances as sponge and soft leather. From a small trough on the top of the press a supply of water is kept up, by means of a small drip into the hollow cylinder, which, percolating through the outer covering, keeps the roller in a state of constant moisture. The inking apparatus, and the mode in which the stone travels and is brought in contact with the inking rollers, are the same as in Napier's letter-press machine. In order to obtain the impression the stone passes under a brass scraper, attached to a cylinder, and which is acted upon by a small "catch," for the purpose of placing the paper smoothly. The stone is protected at the point of contact with the scraper by a leather tympan, and the paper upon which the impression is to be produced. Several hundred copies of an ornamental circular, which were printed while we were present, were remarkable for the clean and sharp character of the impressions, and the finer portions of the work rivalled the best descriptions of copper-plate engraving. The rate at which the copies were printed was about 700 per hour, large folio, the machine being driven comparatively slow. The same amount of work would not be completed by the ordinary hand-press under four days. The only attendance required is a boy to feed and lay the impressions as they are delivered from the tapes, and one man, who, with a sponge, removes any ink which may remain on the edges of the stone after each impression. Upwards of 2,000 copies had been taken from the stone from which the impressions referred to were taken; so that it would appear that there is much less injury done to the stone by this mode of printing than arises from the somewhat rougher usage to which it is necessarily subjected when hand labor is employed. The introduction of steam will, no doubt, cause as great a revolution in lithography as it effected in letter-press, and, as in the latter case, will be attended with increased excellence, greater speed, and — which is, if possible, of still greater importance — a reduction of at least 50 per cent. in the cost of production. While the higher kinds of drawing and elaborate color-printing may probably still be required to be worked by hand, the new process will be applicable to almost all other purposes to which lithography is at present, or may be hereafter, applied. Such, for instance, as circulars, maps, advertisements, plans, illustrations for books, transfers from copper and steel plates, and even impressions from our own journal may be multiplied by it far more rapidly than they could have been printed by the old letter-press. Indeed, there would appear to be scarcely any limit to the application of the lithographic art now that it has allied itself to the all-potent power of steam.

— *Morning Chronicle*.

From Chambers' Journal.

## APPROACHING REVOLUTION IN AGRICULTURE.

Among the new lights which have of late broken in upon the minds of those who lead the van in the science of agriculture, there is none more interesting than that which seems to foreshow the possibility of producing crops without manure. To make Dame Nature yield up her bounties with but little artificial assistance has long been among the dreams of philosophers; and now we have indications that the dreams are to give place to realities. No result could be more opportune if, as some political economists assert, agriculture affords far greater means and resources for the well-being of a population than trade, especially when made use of in reformatory purposes. The fact, they say, would have been demonstrated long ago if agriculture had only had fair play. Well, it has now got fair play, and is finding energy for improvements and experiments which are gradually leading to a solution of great questions, and to results very different from those imagined by theorists. Let us take a brief survey of the investigations; it is something more than mere dry reading.

Everybody knows that there are fifty-five or fifty-six elements which make up the mineral world, and only four of which are concerned in the vegetable world—namely, hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, and nitrogen or azote. If we knew precisely when, where, and how plants obtain their supply of these elements, our theory of agriculture would be complete, and there would remain only the pleasure and profit of reducing it to practice. But we are as yet on the threshold only of the required knowledge. What we do know from recent experiments is, that plants do absorb azote, and largely, from the atmosphere. Priestley said so many years ago: his conclusions, however, were disputed and rejected. As it happens, the productions which yield food to man and fodder to cattle most abundantly are those which come more especially under consideration. Farmers alternate root crops with grain crops, with a view to prevent exhaustion; but this exhaustion, as late experience demonstrates, is best prevented by offering all possible facilities for a free and full supply of nitrogen, and from the atmosphere rather than from other sources. Water and air, indeed, play a more important part in agriculture than many who till the soil by mere routine would be willing to believe. M. Baudrimont, professor of chemistry at the Faculty of Sciences at Bordeaux has just published a work "On the existence of interstitial Currents in Arable Soil, and the influence which they exert on Agriculture," in which, after a long study of the

subject, he states that there is a natural process at work by which liquid currents rise to the surface from a certain depth in the ground, and thus bring up materials that help either to maintain its fertility or to modify its character. Many phenomena of agriculture and of vegetation have at different times been observed, which, hitherto inexplicable, are readily explained on this theory. Such, for example, the improvements which take place in fallows; and there is reason to believe that these currents materially influence the rotation of crops.

In Germany, Schleiden is attracting much attention by his masterly views on the phenomena of vegetation; and it will surprise many to hear that he admits of no relation between the fertility of a soil and the quantity of fertilizing matters expended upon it. "The goodness of the soil," he says, "depends upon its inorganic constituents, so far at least as they are soluble in water, or through continued action of carbonic acid; and the more abundant and various these solutions, the more fruitful is the ground."

Arguing from this view, it is not richness of soil or humus that produces the multiplied varieties of Alpine plants in Germany, or the absence of it that produces but few. "Soluble mineral constituents" are shown to be the characteristic of our cultivated fields; and "an agricultural plant" is defined as one "distinguished from wild individuals of the same species by peculiar qualities which constitute its fitness for culture, and which depend upon a modification of chemical action." The amazing yield of Indian corn in Mexico—from 200 to 600 fold—is something which, with all our skill, we cannot accomplish, and is a fact in favor of the argument, "that in no case do the organic substances contained in the ground perform any direct part in the nutrition of plants." The annual destruction of organic matter all over the earth is estimated at 145 billions of pounds, equal to 24 billions of cubic feet; and if all vegetation depends on organic matter for nutrition, to satisfy this consumption "there must have been, 5000 years back, ten feet deep of pure organic substance on its surface." Another illustration is furnished by taking the number of cattle and other animals in France in a given year (1844), and observing the amount of food they consume. The process of nutrition would require 76,782,000,000 pounds of organic matter—six times more than the whole number contribute of organic matter towards reproduction, and in 100 years "the whole organic material of the country would be consumed."

Again: look at a farm. How much more is carried off from it than is given back again: generally the amount of its yield is three times greater than that of the organic matter it re-



ceives; while of the manure applied, the greater part is not taken up, but imperceptibly decomposed. Carbon is the most important of the constituents of plants; an acre of sugar-plantation produces 7500 pounds of canes, of which 1200 pounds are carbon, and yet sugar-plantations are rarely manured, and then only with the ashes of the burnt canes. With bananas the result is still more striking: the yield is 98,000 pounds of fruit in a year from a single acre, and of this 17,000 pounds—more than a fifth—is carbon; and the same acre will give the same return year after year for twenty or thirty years; and the ground at the end of that time will be richer than at the commencement, from nothing more than the decay of the large leaves of the plant. Here in Europe, too, the difference in weight and in carbon between the seed and the produce has often been noted—in wheat, 89 per cent.; in red clover, 158 per cent.; and in peas, 361 per cent. These facts afford evidence of a supply of carbon derived from other sources than those commonly supposed to exist; and while we know that seeds will germinate and become vigorous plants in pure quartzose sand, or in cotton wool, or on a board, we seem to have proof that the chief source of supply is the atmosphere. This is an interesting point, which further research will verify: Schleiden shows the process to be eminently simple. He says in his work, of which a translation has been published by the Horticultural Society: "According to Link, Schwartz, and others, an acre of water-meadow produces 4400 pounds of hay, which, when dry, contains 45.8 per cent. of carbon. The hay then yields 2000 pounds of carbon, to which 1000 pounds may be added for the portion of the year in which the grass is not cut, and the roots. To produce these 3000 pounds of carbon, 10,980 pounds of carbonic acid are requisite, which may be raised to 12,000 pounds, to compensate for the nightly expiration. Now, Schubler has shown that an acre of so wretched a grass as *Poa annua* exhales in 120 days (too low a computation) of active vegetation 6,000,000 pounds of water. To supply the exigencies of the plants, therefore, it is only necessary for the meadow to imbibe  $3\frac{1}{2}$  grains of carbonic acid with every pound of water."

Mr. Lawes has found, also, that in a plant of any one of our ordinary crops, more than 200 grains of water must pass through it, for a single grain of solid substance to accumulate within it. He states the evaporation from an acre of wheat during the period of its growth to be 114,860 gallons, or 73,510,000 gallons per square mile. With clover, it is rather more; with peas and barley, less. When we apply these calculations to a county or a kingdom, we are lost in the magnitude

of the processes by which nature works; but we see the more clearly, that, on such a scale, the quantity of material supplied by the air, though minute to the individual, becomes vast in the aggregate. We see, moreover, the necessity for understanding the relations between evaporation and rate of growth, and the laws and effects of absorption in soils. A thousand pounds of dry calcareous sand will gain two pounds in weight in twelve hours when the air is moist, while pure agricultural clay will gain thirty-seven pounds.

The source of nitrogen comes next to be considered; and this also is seen to be independent of manures. Hereupon, it is observed that "our domestic plants do not require a greater supply than in a state of nature. A water-meadow which has never received any dung, yields yearly from forty to fifty pounds of nitrogen, while the best ploughed land yields only about thirty-one pounds. The plants for which most dung is used, as potatoes and turnips, are in fact proportionally the poorest in nitrogen." That there is a supply independent of the soil, is further seen in the millions of hides furnished every year by the cattle of the Pampas without any diminution of produce; and in the great quantities of nitrogenous matters, hay, butter, and cheese, carried off from pasture-land; far more than is returned by the animals fed thereon. Experiments with various kinds of plants on various soils have satisfactorily demonstrated that increase of nitrogen in the land and in the crop does take place quite irrespective of supplies of manure.

With respect to ammonia, "it appears that one-thirtieth of a grain in every pound of water is sufficient for the exigencies of vegetation, and there is perhaps no spring-water in the universe which contains so little." Then as to sulphur and phosphorus, which are also among the constituents of plants, the quantity needed in proportion to the time of vegetation is so small, that one-540,000th of a grain of sulphuretted hydrogen per cubic foot diffused through the atmosphere to a height of 3000 feet is all that is required.

The consideration that cereals would soon disappear from the north of Europe, if not cultivated, and perhaps from nearly the whole of this quarter of the globe, adds weight to the arguments in favor of enlightened attention to the inorganic constituents of plants. The point is to bring the soil into harmony with the conditions by which growth may best be promoted. Much depends on the nature of the soil; the darkest colored lands are generally the highest in temperature; hence the advantage of vegetable mould; while deep, light sands, and clay, which turns almost to stone in dry weather, weary and vex the cultivator by their unprofitableness. It is to be remembered, however, that soils which have



the highest temperature of their own, may not be those most susceptible of receiving heat—that is, from the sun, because some lands are warmed by the springs that irrigate them. Here we have an explanation of the phenomena of certain soils which are warm in winter and cool in summer. The application of humus evolves heat by the process of combustion; and sand, lime, clay, and humus, are the combinations needed, the clay being in a proportion of from 40 to 50 per cent.; if less than 10 per cent., the land will be too light and poor.

Although Schleiden's views apply chiefly to the practice of German agriculturists, they will be found to bear on the whole science of cultivation. In summing up, he insists strongly on the necessity for selecting good seed; that from a barren soil, he observes, is likely to be more true to its kind than from well-manured land. Also, that the time of sowing should be adapted to the requirements of the plant; rye and barley, for instance, should be sown in drier weather than oats. And it will surprise many to read, that he advocates a less frequent use of the plough. He holds ploughing to be "a necessary evil, one to be employed only so far as necessity requires;" because, by the too frequent loosening of the soil, the decomposition of humus is so rapid as to overbalance the benefit supposed to arise from exposure to the atmosphere. He shows, too, that covered fallows are in most cases preferable to naked fallows, as the latter tend to waste the valuable qualities of the soil; while, in a field sown with clover, the quantity of humus and carbonic acid is increased by the leaves preventing evaporation. Naked fallowing is to be adopted only when the soil cannot be loosened in any other way; but there is to be no stand-still; "the notion of rest, so prevalent among cultivators, is clearly wrong, except it be rest from the destructive influence of the plough;" and always must it be borne in mind, "that manures do not act immediately on vegetation by means of their organic contents, but by reason of the inorganic substances which they involve."

Such is a brief outline of some of the views of one who holds a high position among men of science; and though in some particulars they may seem to be at variance with practice in this country, there is much in them worthy the attention of intelligent cultivators. It is remarkable how different branches of science help in advancing the question, and facts arise in support of the philosopher's theories. By a recent inquiry into the amount and nature of the rain-fall at the observatory, Paris, it has been proved, that from the 1st of July, 1851, to the end of June, 1852, the quantity of azote combined therewith was—omitting fractions—twenty-two kilogrammes per acre, being twelve kilogrammes in the form of

azotic acid, and ten kilogrammes of ammonia. The quantity of uncombined ammonia in the same time was thirteen kilogrammes per acre; and of uncombined azotic acid, forty-six kilogrammes. In the months when azotic acid was most abundant, there was least ammonia; the former always increases with stormy weather. Besides these elements, the quantity of chlorine present was equivalent to eighteen kilogrammes of marine salt, leaving out the insoluble matters held in suspension.

In all this, we seem to get a glimpse of the law of supply and demand in the great vegetative operations of nature; and we see that those who advocate a more sparing employment of manures are not without good reason for their arguments. In the middle of Russia, corn is grown year after year on the same land with no other fertilizer than the burnt straw; and in parts of Spain, wheat and barley succeed each other without any manure at all. And without going so far for facts, we have them close at hand in one of our midland counties. A few years ago, the Rev. S. Smith, of Lois Weedon, in the neighborhood of Banbury, instituted a course of experiments on this very point, and with results which are singularly interesting. He took a field of four acres, having a gravelly soil with clay, marl, and gravel, as the subsoil. It had been hard-worked for a hundred years; but except a thorough ploughing, no other means were taken to improve it; not a particle of manure was supplied. Wheat was then sown in single grains, three inches apart, and in rows a foot apart, a space of three feet being left quite bare between each three rows, and this was continued in alternate stripes all across the field. The sowing took place at the beginning of autumn; and in November, when the planted rows began to show, all the intervening three-foot spaces were trenched by the spade, and six inches of the subsoil made to change places with the surface. "In the spring," says the reverend agriculturist, "I well hoed and hand-weeded the rows of wheat, and stirred the intervals with a one-horse scarifier three or four times, up to the very period of flowering in June." The crop looked thin and miserable until after April, when it began "to mat and tiller;" it did not turn yellow in May, and the stalk grew so stout and strong as to bear up well against storms. When harvested, the result was highly gratifying, for the yield amounted to from thirty-six to forty bushels per acre, or rather per half acre, seeing that as the alternate stripes were left bare, only one half of the field was really planted. The quantity of seed used per half-acre was a little more than a peck.

Adjoining the field in which these experiments were carried on was another which had four ploughings, ten tons of manure, six

or seven times as much seed, and yet it gave a quarter less to the acre. This might be looked on as an accident, were it not that Mr. Smith has repeated his experiment year after year, and always with greater success. He believes that if all the conditions be literally fulfilled, the same favorable result may invariably be obtained. No manure whatever is to be used; and in the second year, the stripe is to be sown which was left bare in the first; and so on, changing from one to the other, year after year.

Here arises the question as to cost, and in contrasting the expense of ploughing with that of spade-labor, he finds that he takes up only so much of the subsoil as the atmosphere will readily decompose in the year—four, five, or six inches, descending gradually to two spits. He employs six men at 2s. a day, and they dig an acre in five days, making an outlay of 60s. for the whole; but as only one half is to be dug for the year's crop, the time and cost are reduced by one-half, and thus brought down to the cheapest rate of ploughing. The cost per acre, in the instance above mentioned, was 3*l.* 14*s.*, the return from the four quarters and two bushels of wheat, and the straw, 11*l.* 14*s.*, leaving a profit of 8*l.* It should be understood that the cost includes rates, taxes, interest, scarifying, reaping—in short, all the operations from digging to harvest.

The parish in which Mr. Smith resides contains 200 wheat-growing acres; he calculates that fifty laborers would have dug these in two months and eight days, so that, beginning the last week in September, all would be finished by the first week in December, leaving five months for the occurrence of casualties and their reparation before the crop has grown. His system, after the first ploughing, it will be seen, is based entirely on *spade-husbandry*; he is of opinion, that it is applicable to thousands of acres “of hitherto impracticable and unremunerating clay.”

Schleiden and Smith agree in their faith in nature's unassisted fertilizing powers, if not in their mode of clearing the way for the exercise of those powers. The system of the latter combines fallow without loss, for the yield is double: nature is left to drop the ammonia, and time is given for its combination with mineral matters in the soil. The atmosphere contains all the organic elements of wheat, and if the ground be kept stirred, uncrusted, and loosened to a suitable depth, they will find their way in; and nitrogen even, as late experiments demonstrate, will be absorbed. As for the inorganic constituents, Mr. Smith believes that they always exist in sufficient abundance, if sought for by frequent digging.

**SALE OF AUTOGRAPHS.**—On the 28th October a very valuable and curious collection of English and foreign autographs, embracing those of several of the reformers and regicides, was submitted to public competition. Among the most curious specimens sold were two holograph letters of Oliver Cromwell, the only ones, it is believed, which have ever been put up to public auction, with the exception of one in the Strawberry-hill sale. They realized respectively the sums of 27*l.* and 9*l.*, and, after a spirited competition, were bought by Messrs. Young and Holloway. A letter signed by Henry VIII. fetched 4*l.* 17*s.*, and was bought by Mr. Barne, as was understood, for the British Museum. A long letter of Martin Luther, in the Latin tongue, addressed to Hermann, but without date, was bought by Mr. Montague for 7*l.* 10*s.*; and one of the Byron letters, a specimen of most perfect literary forgery, was knocked down for 10*s.* The rest of the collection, including Henry III. and IV. of France, and Louis XIV., with some of the distinguished personages who figured in the French reformation, realized prices which averaged between 10*s.* and 2*l.* The sale was attended by several amateur collectors of distinction.

**OSSIANIC SURNAMES.**—A curious paper on this subject appears in a valuable and well-designed quarterly periodical, entitled the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*, lately started by a few gentlemen of Belfast, and in which many such curious subjects are treated. We find that, as usual, many of the surnames of the Celtic population of Ireland are derived from what are now called Christian names, the prefix Mac or O being generally added to express son or grandson, though sometimes the full syllable Mac is not preserved in pronunciation. Thus Mr. M'Grady, the author of the paper in question, considers Ossian's own name as the origin of the surnames Cushin and Cousins (perhaps we should add the Scotch name Cushnie); the original being M'Osrian, but this being changed or softened by the dismissal of the M. Finn, the name of Ossian's father, signifying *fair-haired*, is the origin of the surname O'Finn in Ireland (and probably of the scotch name Phin). Finn's father was Comhal, pronounced *Cowal* or *Cool*, and this not only appears in Cowell, but is considered as identical with Howell and Hoole; names which, in Wales, here become Powell and Poole by the addition of *Ap*, meaning son. Oscar, again, the son of Ossian, may be looked to as the origin of the M'Cuskers, a well-known Irish family. Three of Finn's companions-in-arms are cited by Mr. M'Grady as bearing appellations which are commemorated in the existing Irish surnames, Goll M'Morn, for instance, being in his opinion the origin of the M'Gills, while Conan is the founder of the Cannings. Of course, the existence of the names in these modern forms is, to a certain degree, a proof of the existence of Ossian and his heroes, though leaving room for debate as to their characters, deeds, and even the period in which they flourished.

From Chambers' Journal.

## FORTUNES OF THE WIFE OF THE GREAT CONDE.

THERE are few to whom the name and merits of the great Condé are unknown, and who have not heard of the great deeds performed by the victor of Rocroy at the early age of twenty-one; but there may be some who have heard little of Clémence de Maillé, his wife, save that she was the niece of Cardinal Richelieu: her virtues, her sufferings, her heroism, are unrecorded in the histories which give so pompous an account of her husband's deeds of arms.

There was a magnificent ball given in the palace of Cardinal Richelieu on the night of the 7th of February, 1641. The whole of a noble suite of rooms, extending round three sides of the courtyard, were brilliantly lighted up, and thrown open for the reception of the most noble and distinguished persons in Paris. There was everywhere the sweetest music swelling through the lofty rooms, and graceful bands of dancers keeping time to its strains; there were light girlish figures, and stately matronly ones; young men dressed in all the foppery of the period, whispering soft nothings to the young and beautiful; and grave politicians on the watch to observe whom the king spoke to, and Richelieu smiled on. There was Anne of Austria, and her enfeebled husband Louis XIII., the beautiful Geneviève de Bourbon, afterwards Duchesse de Longueville, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the swarthy Italian Mazarin, and many others distinguished in the annals of their period. But why happens it that so gay and brilliant a company is this night assembled in the halls of the Cardinal de Richelieu? Do you see that young girl, apparently not more than thirteen years of age, sitting near the queen?—she is rather pale, though extremely fair, with large, thoughtful blue eyes, and rich brown hair. That is Claire Clémence de Maillé, niece of Richelieu; and do you see standing near the further entrance of the room, that haughty-looking young man, with piercing eyes, aquiline nose, and severe mouth? He is Louis Duc d'Enghien, afterwards Prince de Condé; and the magnificent fête is to celebrate the betrothal of this first prince of the blood with the niece of the parvenu minister. Ill-omened engagement! From time to time the duke throws a satirical, disdainful glance at the poor little bride, and then turns away to talk with the distinguished-looking group near him. Clémence, who has sat tolerably composed and undisturbed all the evening, is now engaged in conversation with the queen, and a splendidly-attired cavalier, who is standing with his plumed hat in his hand before them. He is saying: "Now, mademoiselle, that her majesty has condescended to urge my request, may I hope no longer to sue in vain for the honor of being your partner in the next *courante*?"

The color came and went in the cheeks of the child—for such, in spite of her engagement, she must be termed—and she hurriedly said: "She hoped the queen and Monsieur de St. Valaye would excuse her—she had danced so little."

"Then it is time you should begin, *chère petite*,"

replied the queen: "you must no longer be considered as a child. I much wish to have the pleasure of seeing you dance this *courante* with Monsieur de St. Valaye before I retire."

The tear which was just sparkling in Clémence's eye, must, I fear, have proclaimed her a child still, when a voice behind settled the matter for her, and made her swallow her tears with the best grace she might, by saying: "My niece will have much pleasure in dancing with you, monsieur;" and then turning to the queen, Richelieu excused her bashfulness on account of her secluded education.

Clémence did not dream of disobeying her uncle; she rose from her seat, and M. de St. Valaye, touching the tips of the little fingers with his, led her to her place in the dance. Diamonds glittered, and rich silks rustled as she moved along, and began to dance, timidly indeed, but not ungracefully; and the queen was in the act of expressing her admiration, in answer to some remark of Richelieu's, when, alas for poor Clémence! in the very act of performing a deep reverence, she stumbled and fell; the cause of her disaster displaying itself at the same time in the shape of so enormously high-heeled a pair of shoes, that it was a marvel the poor child could even walk in them: they had been given her to increase her height. No motives of kindness or good-breeding could restrain the laughter of the spectators; as M. de St. Vallaye raised her, the tears, which had for some time been lurking near, burst forth, for she had hurt herself much, falling on the hard *parquet* floor; but her ear caught the sound of one mocking laugh high above the rest, and, looking towards the place where the Duc d'Enghien stood, she saw the sharp glance of contempt and dislike he threw at her. The poor girl shuddered, and put her hands on her eyes. Then recovering herself with a strong effort, she turned to her partner, gently apologized for her awkwardness, and insisted on finishing the dance, which she did with much grace and self-possession.

But the praises which Anne of Austria bestowed on her when she returned to her seat were unheard. That mocking laugh and that deadly look were present to her imagination, haunting her, like a frightful vision of impending evil, for many a long day.

It was two years after the marriage of the youthful Clémence and her reluctant bridegroom, that a large family-party was assembled in the Hôtel de Condé, to greet the return of the victorious Duc d'Enghien from the successful campaign of Rocroy. Clémence was there, but sitting unnoticed in one of the deep window recesses, for her powerful uncle was dead, and the proud family of Condé had no longer an inducement to treat with any distinction his orphan niece.

She was taller than when we saw her last, even when she had the aid of her high-heeled shoes, though still rather under the middle height; and her sweet intellectual countenance was animated by a more tender expression than ever, as she gazed on her child, an infant of three months' old, who was lying on her lap. Her fair young

cheek was tinged with a flush of excitement : she was waiting the moment when she should place her child in the arms of his father, and be able to read in his eyes the hope that for its sake he would give her the love she had so long sought in vain.

She had borne with patience his cold indifference before he left her : she was still so much a child as hardly to know or value her rights of affection ; but the birth of the little Henri had opened to her thoughts and feelings she had not before experienced. She had learned, with a heart throbbing with pride, of her husband's victories and his glory ; and she now hoped to gain the affection of the hero, and to be able to offer in words the sympathy her heart felt so deeply. She longed to be to him all that he was to her, forgetting, in her inexperience, poor child, that the love which is the sole object of a woman's life, makes but a very small part of the hopes and cares that throng the busy brain of a man.

A distant huza was heard in the streets, then the sound of wheels and horses' feet ; and accompanied by his father and brother, and greeted by the enthusiastic shouts of the populace, the young Duc d'Enghien rode proudly into the courtyard, and in a few moments entered the saloon.

One by one he greeted his assembled relations ; and, last of all, Clémence, having placed her child in his nurse's arms, came forward alone, with her dark-blue eyes gleaming through tears of joy, and endeavored to take his hand and put it to her lips. He drew it almost roughly away ; and, turning to his infant son, caressed him, and spoke of him with evident pleasure to his mother and sister. Still not a word to his poor wife the whole of that long evening, not even a kindly glance.

"It was my fault," thought Clémence ; "it was so silly in me to cry ; he must have thought me a baby still. I will try and speak to him."

So she waited till the guests were gone, and then coming up to him, as he stood leaning against the lofty chimney-piece, she said : "Louis, I am the only one who has not congratulated you in words on your triumphant return ; but, believe me, no one has felt it more than I. Every time I heard you were going to attack the enemy, how my heart trembled with anxiety — how earnestly I entreated God to preserve you unharmed ; and then when I was told of your triumphs, I was so happy, I felt so proud in being the wife of" —

"It must be a novel sensation, I should imagine," interrupted the Duc d'Enghien, "for a *bourgeois* to have anything to be proud of ; but it may diminish in some degree your triumph, madame, to know, that, had it in the least depended on me, you would never have had the smallest share in the dignities of the house of Condé — honors which have remained until now unsullied by a degrading alliance."

"It was not my fault," replied Clémence mournfully ; "my inclinations were no more consulted than yours, although I must own to feeling pride in my connection with a family you have rendered doubly illustrious. Ah, monsieur, forgive my involuntary crime ; for the sake of my little Henri, cast me not altogether from your

heart. You will love him at least?" she added hurriedly.

"I have no intention, madame, of neglecting my son on account of his mother's defects. Have you any further commands for me? If not, I am wearied, and will retire ;" and, with a proud bow, the duke left the apartment.

An interval of seven years elapsed before the scenes took place we are now about to sketch. The wars of the Fronde have commenced : the Duc d'Enghien, now become Prince de Condé by his father's death, at first the idol of the court, and general of the royal armies, has gradually lost favor ; been accused of combining with the Frondeurs, and through the artifices of Mazarin, been sent to the Castle of Vincennes, together with his brother, the Prince de Conti, and his brother-in-law, the Duc de Longueville.

The princess-dowager, Madame de Longueville, and Clémence, were holding a melancholy council at the Château de Chantilly, not only respecting the best means of restoring the princes to liberty, but of providing for their own safety — for a regiment of guards had been sent towards Chantilly from Soissons, and a *lettre-de-cachet* was daily expected. Lenét, the faithful adviser of the unfortunate princesses, proposed taking the young duke beyond the Loire, and endeavoring to raise there a party in his father's favor. Some urged submission, some resistance — none asked the opinion of Clémence, who was still treated by all as a child, when her sweet clear voice was suddenly heard in a pause of the debate. "I am not," she said, "either of an age or of an experience that should entitle me to give my advice : I have no other wish than to pay all deference to that of my mother-in-law ; but I entreat her most humbly, that whatever may happen, I may not be separated from my son — my only remaining hope. I will follow him everywhere with joy, whatever dangers I may have to encounter ; and I am ready to expose myself to anything for the service of the prince, my husband."

Tears filled the eyes of the proud daughter, Montmorency at the noble words of the despised Clémence. "Since we both," said she, "have but one object, we will both share the same fate, and unite in bringing up your son in the fear of God and the service of his king."

But it was not so to be : the aged mother of Condé died of grief and anxiety long before her son was released from the dreary prison so fatal to his race ; and Clémence and her son were compelled to fly from Chantilly in disguise almost immediately after, leaving her English maid-of-honor, Miss Gerbier, and the gardener's son, to personate her and the young duke. She retired to Montiond, in Berri, where with the utmost skill and secrecy, she succeeded in levying a considerable force, and in exciting the neighboring gentry to her cause. When at length obliged to leave Montiond, she went to Bordeaux, reaching it after incredible danger and fatigue — all which were supported with the most unflinching heroism. The populace there received her with enthusiasm, shouting as she and her son passed down the street : "Vive le roi, et les princes, et à bas Mazarin !" The parliament of Bourdeaux



were not equally enthusiastic ; but they passed a decree permitting her residence in the town.

To defray the expenses of the war, Clémence pawned her jewels ; but as this was still insufficient, Spain was applied to for help ; and Don Joseph Ouzorio was sent with three frigates, some bullion, and more promises.

The arrival of the Spaniards irritated extremely the magistrates of Bordeaux, who passed a decree expressive of their disapprobation. The populace, excited secretly by the Duc de Bouillon, a misjudging adherent of the princess, rose against the parliament, and nearly massacred the members. The Ducs de Bouillon and de Rochefoucauld refused to aid in restoring order ; but Clémence never shrank from a duty which lay before her, and, attended only by a single equerry, she went to the palais, where all was confusion, every one, including the president, speaking at once.

She had a great talent for public speaking, and there was none there but felt the charm of her manner, when, falling on one knee, she implored them not to abandon her cause. "I demand justice from the king, in your persons, against the violence of Cardinal Mazarin, and place myself and my son in your hands ; he is the only one of his house now at liberty ; his father is in irons. Have compassion on the most unfortunate and the most unjustly persecuted family in France."

Still they would come to no decision. The princess offered to go out, and endeavor to persuade the mob to disperse, that they might deliberate freely. But the moment she reached the door, some of the foremost rioters hurled her back, exclaiming they would not allow her to pass till she had gained all she wanted from the parliament.

"They have given me all I asked," she exclaimed ; still, they would not listen to her, but shouted at the top of their lungs : "Vive le roi, et les princes, et à bas Mazarin !" She returned into the assembly, hopeless of making herself understood by her self-willed friends. On the way, however, she was met by one of the officials, exclaiming : "Ah, madame, we have just heard that one of the *jurats* has assembled a corps of well-disposed towns-people, who will soon cut down this rabble. If you will come this way, you will see them scattering like the leaves from the vines in autumn, when the mistral blows."

But Clémence had no wish to see the blood flow of men whose ardor in her behalf had been their greatest crime. She presented herself again at the door. "I implore you, my friends," she cried, "disperse as quickly and quietly as possible. You will be fired on — you will be slaughtered ! For the love of Heaven, go !"

"Not till you have obtained satisfaction from these traitors, madame," said a burly vintner, shaking a huge club he held in his hand. "We will defend you against them and the scoundrel Mazarin to the last drop of our blood ;" and the everlasting cry, "Vive le roi, et les princes, et à bas Mazarin !" went round ; for there is nothing a mob, and a French one particularly, are so constant to as a form of words.

"Make way — make way for me !" cried Clémence : "do not let your blood be on my head."

She saw the troops of the *jurat* advancing, and

exclaiming, "Let those who love me, follow !" plunged into the crowd, followed by a few gentlemen. She struggled on regardless of the drawn swords that were everywhere flashing round her ; two men were killed close beside her, the body of one falling across her path. Still, she pressed onwards, till she arrived at the spot where the troops of the *jurat*, and the mob, who had formed themselves into some degree of order, were confronting each other. Their muskets were levelled, and the order to fire was within a moment of being given as she rushed into the space between the combatants.

"Hold — hold !" she shrieked : "do not fire. Lay down your arms, I entreat — I command you. I am the Princesse de Condé," she continued, observing hesitation in the faces of some ; "and, O, can it be for my sake that the inhabitants of so noble and generous a city are thus arrayed in deadly feud against each other ? There are enough of common enemies without the walls ; the troops of Mazarin will soon be upon us ; direct your energies into a noble defence of your city and your rights, instead of wasting them in these miserable dissensions. Brave Bordelais !" — addressing the mob — "I thank you from my heart for your zeal in my son's and husband's behalf ; but, believe me, you can best serve us now by returning to your homes ; the parliament has granted me all I could ask." Then turning to the commander, she entreated him to withdraw his men, pointing to the slowly retiring mob in proof of force being no longer necessary.

Thus through the courage and presence of mind of a woman, till now unused to take a prominent part of any kind, was this dangerous insurrection quelled with scarcely any bloodshed ; and she continued to be the soul of all the movements that were made in her husband's favor in the south of France. At length Condé was set at liberty, principally through the heroic exertions of his despised and neglected wife.

Surely so proved, so devoted a love, deserved to meet with some return : for the moment, even the hard heart of Condé was moved, and for a few months Clémence was treated with gentleness and respect. The sequel will appear in the following scene : —

"Any more business to be settled to-day, Le Tellier ?" said Louis XIV., at the close of a long session of the council. "I think we have had a long morning's work of it."

"Only one affair more, sire," replied the minister : "this letter, addressed to me by Monsieur le Prince de Condé, declaring his determination never to set foot in Paris so long as his wife remains there ; he desires, I believe, a *lettre-de-cachet* to detain her prisoner for life."

"Pardieu !" exclaimed the Grand Monarque ; "after all she has done and suffered for him, that is too bad ; and surely he makes her suffer enough without this. Why, I am told that when he had joined the Spaniards against us, after she crossed the sea to go to him and her son in Flanders, at the imminent peril of her life, all the physicians telling her it would kill her, he actually refused to see her ; and she remained the whole winter by herself in a miserable bourgeois house at Valenciennes."

"Yes," said the Tellier ; "and for the sake of



joining him, she refused the most magnificent offers made to her by Mazarin, to induce her to remain in France."

"And sold her jewels and estates, to give him money to support the war," added Fouquex.

"Well," replied the king, "I am of opinion that we should refuse this request of our worthy cousin. I see no ground for imprisoning the poor princess; and what will her son, D'Enghien, say to it?"

"Your majesty need fear no opposition on the part of the Duc d'Enghien," said Le Tellier, with a sarcastic smile. "The memory of his mother's love and services is swallowed up in his admiration of the estates of the Maréchal de Brézé [Clémence's father]: he is most active in urging the prince's request."

"Ah, is it indeed so?" said Louis, much shocked, for his conduct to his own mother had been exemplary. "Then may Heaven help the poor woman, if her own son turns against her!"

"Her life is almost that of a prisoner already," pursued Le Tellier. "If your majesty grants this, you will greatly oblige the Prince de Condé, whom it is important to please; and the mere change of place can make but little difference to Madame la Princesse."

A few sophistries of this sort sufficed for Louis, who was seldom very eager where his own interests were not concerned; and the *lettre-de-cachet* was signed and sealed, containing, in the usual form, the greeting of the monarch to his well-beloved subject, Claire Clémence de Maille, and stating that, in his condescending care for her health, he considered a residence at his castle of Châteauroux would be more salutary than her present abode; commanding her to remain there until such time as his royal pleasure should be further made known to her on the subject.

The castle of Châteauroux stands perched on the summit of a gray, precipitous rock, with the town to which it gives its name clustered behind it on the more sloping side. From the summit of the gloomy donjon, the eye wanders over as lovely a scene as any that is to be found in France. The Indre winds like a band of silver studded with emeralds—for beautiful islands, covered with trees, rise here from its bosom—through the plain; and mingling in the sunny distance, lie vineyards, orchards, lowly farm-buildings, and stately châteaux, till the view is bounded by those blue hills whence Clémence had once called together so many brave hearts in defence of her husband. And here, on a lovely spring evening in the year 1671, the first evening of her captivity, Clémence de Maille leaned over the battlements, with eyes fixed on the scene below, but with thoughts wandering far away.

The day before, a helpless, oppressed prisoner, she had crossed that Loire, which, twice before, she had passed at the head of an army, in the defence of her son and husband. She had seen that son and husband treat her with hatred and scorn, anxious only to make her sign the deed which transferred her property to them, and had fainted in her son's arms on bidding him farewell.

Then the days of Bordeaux rose to her view, when her glance animated thousands, and her word was law, and she herself was filled with the blissful, buoyant hope of gaining the love and esteem of the husband for whom she would willingly have died. Now, all was gone—husband, child, friends, wealth, fame, station, liberty! How can she bear it?

"But O, I am very, very wrong," she thought, raising her eyes to the clear blue heaven. "If God gave me strength then, when I was a mere child in experience and understanding, to plead my husband's cause before thousands, and encourage armed men to battle in his behalf, He will not fail me now, when my only task is to bear patiently what He sees fit to lay upon me. But O, D'Enghien, my son! my son! nature should have pleaded for me in your heart. O God! give me grace, give me fortitude, to bear the heavy grief of feeling that my own son is my bitterest enemy." And strength was given to the desolate one—strength to bear *twenty-three years* of confinement; for her death, which took place in 1694, was her only deliverance.

She survived her husband eight years; but his decease was scrupulously concealed from her, lest she should endeavor to recover her liberty. They might have spared themselves the trouble. What was there in the world to tempt Clémence to return to it? Her friends were dead, her unnatural son estranged—why should she come back, like a spirit from the tomb, among the gay and thoughtless living? She died in the gray old walls of Châteauroux, worn out with infirmities and sorrows, thankful and happy that the long trial was over, and that the bright day of reward, so long looked for, had come at last.

**COMPULSORY VACCINATION.**—The proportion of deaths from small-pox in London is three times, and in Glasgow six times, what it is in Brussels, Berlin, or Copenhagen. Of each 1000 persons who die in England and Wales, 22 die of small-pox; of each 1000 persons who die in Ireland, 49 die of small-pox; while of each 1000 persons who die in Lombardy, 2 only die of small-pox. The proportionate mortality, then, from small-pox in England and Wales is eleven times, and in Ireland, twenty-four times, greater than it is in Lombardy. Whence comes this difference? In England those who please take their children to be vaccinated; in Lombardy, vaccination is compulsory. The proportionate mortality from small-pox in England and Wales is three times greater than what it is in any country in which the inhabitants are compelled by law to have their children vaccinated. These are great facts. In our metropolis, 1000 persons die annually of small-pox: if vaccination were compulsory, it is indisputable that the number of deaths from this disease in London would be reduced to 200 or 300 per annum. From 600 to 800 persons thus die yearly in the metropolis alone, whose lives might be saved by an act of Parliament.—*Medical Times and Gazette.*

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## THE ROCK REPUBLIC:

A CHRONICLE OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

## I.

SOME of the most remarkable and curious pages in history escape the attention even of the serious student, because they perhaps refer to some obscure part of the world, or other events occur at the same time with those they record which weigh so heavy in the balance of human progress, that things in themselves deeply interesting are scarcely known beyond the locality where they occur. Local chronicles frequently contain records of actions which, had they simply taken place on a larger scale, would have excited the universal attention of mankind. Rienzi had Rome for his theatre; Masaniello, Naples; hence they live on the perpetual tablets of world-memory. Another hero, another thinker, whose history is even perhaps more striking, whose actions excited the wonder, admiration, and love of his fellow-countrymen, and who performed a real prodigy in a time of remarkable men, is now forgotten, his name doubtful, and his acts buried in the archives of his native land, or mentioned in the reports of an antiquarian society.\*

Somewhere about the sixth century, there was built in Gaul a city called Aleth; or rather, we first hear of it at that date. It was on the sea-shore, and well fortified. Near at hand was a rocky island, known as Aaron's Isle, for there a holy man, Aaron by name, built a monastery and a church. The dwellers in Aleth paid no attention for some time to this island, because it wanted water; but by and by the Norman pirates came and twice pillaged their city, making of the island their place of shelter; upon this, in 1140, the inhabitants removed to the island, and built a city upon it, which they fortified, and called it St. Malo, after a bishop of that name, much venerated by them. An indomitable and energetic race, a nest of sailors, adventurers, merchants, corsairs, the Malouines were known in the days of the Crusaders as the light troops of the sea. From the time of Clovis, the kings of France and the dukes of Brittany struggled for possession of the city, but always in vain. It continued to maintain its independence, supporting the prince which pleased the people best. They were governed by a bishop elected by popular vote; he was called Lord of St. Malo. But although he and the chapter had much power, the citizens made the laws and elected all officers; they had the duty of guarding the town, and chose

their own chiefs. All foreigners who came to reside there were obliged to become citizens, and no king or prince had ever a fugitive given up to him. Even the Pope recognized the independence of the Malouines, and took care to be respectful in all his briefs, lest they might haughtily deny his authority. At one time entering into an alliance with Jean de Montfort, they narrowly escaped falling into English hands; and, being in difficulties, they gave themselves to the Pope, who handed them over to the king; but this remained not long. The Malouines fell under the gentle rule of the Duke of Brittany, and remained so for some time; but presently, when Anne of Brittany married Charles VIII., their ten centuries of independence ended. The Duchess Anne obtained possession of the place, and took all power out of the hands of the maritime republic, making the bishop, chapter, and commonalty together bow to her. She built a formidable citadel, and when the people murmured, ordered an inscription to be stuck up, which at once demonstrated her insolence and the subjection of the people —

QUIC-EN-GROGNE  
AINSY SERA  
C'EST MON PLAISIR.

GROWL AS YOU MAY  
SO IT SHALL BE  
SUCH IS MY PLEASURE.

The people afterwards effaced this inscription, but the tower to the present day is called familiarly the Tower of Quic-en-Grogne.

Sullen and discontented, the Malouines never even appeared to notice the presence of Louis XII. or Francis I. in their city; and when the wars of religion commenced, contrived to side neither with king nor League, although in heart stubborn Catholics. The Count de Fontaines held the castle of Anne of Brittany for the king; the Duke de Mercœur had possession of the great fort on the mainland, called Solidor. By the exercise of a little cunning and gentle violence, the citizens obtained the exclusive guard of the city itself — still, however, under the guns of the citadel — and in the same way took possession of Solidor. The count and the duke, when they beheld the citizens resume their old trading habits unfettered and untaxed, saw that they had been outgeneraled; and in 1590 it was rumored that Henry IV., having come to the throne, had given orders for St. Malo to be assimilated to other French towns, deprived of its privileges and liberties, and forced to pay regular taxes. This rumor caused a state of extreme and angry excitement.

## II

St. Malo has but little changed since the days of which we speak; it is almost as peculiar and fresh now as it was then. It is a vast rock, on which some ten thousand men, women, and children cluster like bees in a hive. Its towers, its cathedral, its lofty

\* To the patient research of M. Auguste Billiard is owing our extended knowledge of certain facts here recounted.

houses, and its magnificent ramparts of hewn granite, rise perpendicularly from the sea; on one side, the ocean; on the other, a narrow channel, separating it from verdant meadows, green-bosomed hills, mounds surmounted by wind-mills, woods, valleys, and scattered habitations, a town—St. Servan—and the advanced-guard of the Rancé river, the dark towers of Solidor.

The town of St. Malo is composed of narrow and sombre streets, with here and there a little lively open place, with a fountain, or a tree in the centre, and surrounded by very striking mansions. From the ramparts the view is magnificent; while, looking down from the towers of the citadel, you behold, a hundred feet below, the sea breaking against the heavy rocks which form the foundation of the castle. This fortress seemed to overshadow the free city as with a cloud; and low passed the huge tower of Quic-en-Grogne without murmuring, and without cursing the folly that had ever induced them to allow an enemy thus to fix himself in a position by which he was able to intimidate and command the citizens.

"Those were good old times," said a gray-haired citizen one evening, who, surrounded by a group of friends, sat on the ramparts immediately beneath the citadel, "when our commonalty made the laws, appointed all officers, and when, under Josselin de Rohan, the good bishop, we beat off, unaided, except by the blessed Virgin, the Duke of Lancaster and an English fleet."

"Ay! those were days, Porcon de la Barbinais," replied a man somewhat younger than himself, glancing uneasily at the ramparts of the castle, where two or three sentinels walked up and down, while in a corner stood a lady, richly dressed, in conversation with a young man in the garb of a Malouine. "But mind what you say. Yon walls have long ears, and there are those on the ramparts whom I would not have hear our discourse."

"Ah! sorrow and shame," replied the ex-corsair Porcon de la Barbinais, father of the heroic leader who, years later, attacked the Algerines, and, taken prisoner, was sent away to treat, and failing to bring about an arrangement, returned to die—"Ah! sorrow and shame, to think that so gallant and sedate a youth should allow himself to be led away by love and ambition, to abandon his country and serve the enemy of his native city!"

"Excuse me, Father Porcon," modestly observed a youth of about twenty, a young sailor, wearing the picturesque naval costume of the day: "at all events, Henry the Fourth is king of France."

"And what has France to do with us?" replied Porcon sharply. "When did St. Malo recognize either Brittany or Gaul? By

what right does any power or potentate come and impose his sovereignty over us! Did we not found St. Malo on a barren rock!—did we not build, and fortify, and defend ourselves always, without king or prince's aid!—have we not fitted out fleets for all parts of the world ourselves!—and why comes any power to ask us for taxes, imposts, and royal dues!"

"Because," said the youth, whose name was Pepin de la Blinnais, a name in local history most revered, "we are weak, and the king of France is strong. But again, allow me, Father Porcon, to observe, that Michel Fortet de la Bardeliere has as yet not deserved the universal blame which has fallen on him."

"Has he not?" replied Porcon bitterly. "Was he not, after two or three years of travel and voyage with our best captains, destined by his father for the robe?—did he not take to learning with enthusiasm!—did he not in five years speak Greek and Latin like a Lutheran doctor?—did not all St. Malo love him as one who was to shed glory on his native city!—and has he not deserted all to live in the society of our enemies, whispering soft nonsense in the ears of Isabella de Fontaines—to be one day driven shamefully away for daring to raise his eyes to one so far his superior!"

"He has," said Pepin with a sigh, while all the crowd gave vent to a low murmur of indignation, casting their eyes upward with menace and anger.

"And are we not promised that our city shall fall into the hands of the Bearnais, have its every privilege destroyed, and its inhabitants crushed by heavy imposts, by the hands of this Count de Fontaines, who will perhaps give us Michel as *échevin*, or bishop, or senechal!"

"He would not dare," said an old man, rising from the seat he occupied—"he would not dare."

"Why not?" asked a voice near at hand, that made all start and shudder; and yet it was a rich and musical voice too. It was Michel Fortet de la Bardeliere. He had parted with the lady on the ramparts, and, descending quietly, had approached the group of talkers unperceived, and heard the last two sentences. He was a young man of about five-and-twenty, dark, pale, thoughtful, with great lustrous eyes, and a mouth rather hard in expression, as if it were accustomed, or destined, to command. He wore loose breeches, black stockings, shoes with buckles, a jacket, showing a shirt of lace and fine linen, a broad-brimmed hat, and a sword.

"Michel—Michel!" said old Porcon gravely, "as you now know our opinions of you, let me speak, and try to lead you the right way."

"Speak!" said he gravely.

"You are the friend and companion of the Count de Fontaines, our enemy," began Porcon.

"I am but his hired servant—his secretary, if you will," said Michel coldly.

"You love his daughter," continued Porcon.

"I love his daughter," replied Michel, folding his arms.

"You aspire to be the ruler and governor of your native city," said Porcon with flashing eyes, while the others looked as if they could have cast Michel from the summit of the battlements.

"I do. And mark me, good Master Porcon," continued Michel coldly, "I will be, despite your efforts, ere many days perhaps, ruler and governor of my native city." And without a single word more, the young man turned away and walked along the ramparts in the direction of the Sillon. It was difficult to tell whether his mouth gave token more of scorn or stern resolution.

The group, burning with indignation, descended to the principal place of the city, and there, joined by others, vented their anger in murmurs. So enraged at length became the citizens, that there was a very great crowd collected. Voices were heard giving extreme counsels; threats were freely banded about; and men spoke of attacking the castle with as much earnestness, as if it had not been all but impregnable. Suddenly a loud hush caused silence, as a party of six horsemen, headed by Michel walking on foot, came up to the open place, in the centre of which stood the episcopal palace, now inhabited by Charles de Bourneuf, a notorious Leaguer in his heart, and for this reason as much suspected by the people as was the king's officer who held the castle. The troop was headed by a captain of noble mien, somewhat bluff, and even then rather stern, who looked about him curiously.

"Your good people of St. Malo are but sorrowfully pleased at some event," observed the horseman to Michel, who walked proudly beside the soldier.

"Sir Captain, it is my unworthy self they are exciting themselves about. In favor at the castle, I cannot be in favor in the city."

"So, young man, you are in favor at the castle," said the captain with a smile.

"I am private secretary to Count de Fontaines," replied Michel carelessly.

"But why should your favor in the city be in inverse ratio to what it is at the fortress?" asked the soldier, who was pressing his horse slowly and gently through the crowd.

"Because, Sir Captain, the fortress, without any just reason or excuse, is accused of wishing to make St. Malo a king's city."

"And, *Ventre St. Gris!*" cried the soldier, "where would be the harm of that?"

"St. Malo," said Michel sarcastically,

"was once a free city, ruling itself after the fashion of Greek or Roman republic; its own master, free, owing no allegiance to king or prince, and it wishes to be the same now!"

"No, no! Master Secretary," replied the soldier merrily, "this will never do. A republic in the kingdom of France!—a pretty example for the disaffected. Why, all the strong places would be declaring themselves republics, refusing to pay imposts, and leaving the poor king to earn his bread like a farmer or a *manant*."

"Very likely," said Michel dryly, but speaking so low as only to be heard by his companion.

"No, no! when all France was cut up into provinces, this was possible, Master Secretary; but of many good parts we are making now a noble whole; and let but interior peace come, and we shall have a great, a splendid country, powerful by sea and land; and the king cannot even spare St. Malo."

This last speech was heard by the citizens, who, though they said nothing, showed by their looks their bitter discontent. When Michel and the soldiers passed up the street leading to the fort, the groups formed again. A few minutes later, a man came hurriedly forth from the episcopal palace. It was the bishop himself.

"Porcon," said he to the old man above mentioned, "do you know that captain who was with Michel the traitor?"

"No, your reverence."

"It was the Bearnais, the king of Navarre, falsely calling himself Henry the Fourth, king of France." And the bishop returned to his palace without another word. He had said quite enough. A low murmur of surprise, of admiration at the courage of the king, and then an explosion of indignation burst forth.

"The moment for action is come," said Pepin significantly to some friends around him. The word passed, and silence overspread the whole place. In five minutes more the crowd had dispersed, each man to his own dwelling.

### III.

It was Henry IV. indeed, who, not yet firmly seated on his throne, was making a journey through his province of Brittany, to judge for himself of the public mind towards the king. Aware that St. Malo was by no means well affected towards his person and dignity, because of his former Protestantism, his doubtful conversion, and his intention to centralize government, he determined to enter the castle, consult M. de Fontaines, and judge for himself as to the spirit of the inhabitants. By the time he had reached the castle, he was still more firmly convinced that in his

dear city of St. Malo, as he was pleased to call it, he was far from being popular; while he was too good a general, and had too observant an eye, not to be aware of the paramount importance of possessing a place so strongly fortified, and having so hardy a population. He scrutinized with a soldier's glance the ramparts of the castle, and vowed within himself that he would not rest in peace until he ruled over that quaint old city. "By the faith of a soldier," said he energetically, as he entered the château, "Monsieur de Fontaines has done well to bid the king fix his eye on St. Malo. It is a good place, Master Secretary, and a goodly jewel in a king's crown."

"Sire," replied Michel respectfully, "it may suit your majesty, but your majesty does not seem to suit it."

"Truth to say," laughed Henry, "you say right. I verily believe the good fishermen would eat me if they but knew who I am. However, since you know me, young master, you must also know that I did not suit France, and yet I am its king."

"We all in St. Malo know the wonders you have effected," exclaimed Michel; "but here is the governor coming forth to meet your majesty."

As the visit of the king to St. Malo was intended to be kept secret, the Count de Fontaines received him merely as an officer of rank, and accompanied him to a well-supplied table, where he was soon joined by his daughter Isabella and Master Secretary. The girl at once attracted the king's attention. She was about sixteen, fair-haired, with waving curls, a white forehead, intelligent eyes, and a sweet expression of countenance, especially when looking at Michel. This circumstance made Henry IV. frown, being apt to think that when such a cavalier as himself was present, no woman of taste should look at another. But he did not allow this thought to draw his attention from the object of his journey.

"So, my Lord Count," said he, after some preliminary discourse, "you think it will be easy to capture the city, and put in a royal garrison."

"Nothing more easy, sire," replied he, none now being at table but himself, the king, and the two young people; "give me but the word, and the town shall be ours to-night."

"But how do you propose to act?" asked the king, who had ever a relish for military plans.

"The city-guard rests, and the people will soon be asleep. At midnight there will not be an owl stirring. I will enter the city with a hundred soldiers, leaving the rest as a reserve, and simply proclaiming your presence in the castle, St. Malo is ours."

Isabella turned very pale, Michel ground

his teeth and started. His emotion, nowever, was not remarked.

"Nay," said the king; "the people are goodly burghers, and would fight. We should have a scene of midnight massacre that makes my heart sick. Let us try other means. Tomorrow, summon them in the king's name to yield to his authority, and then if they refuse we can use force."

"As your majesty wishes," replied De Fontaines, who, a rough soldier, knew no means of action save brute strength and measures of violence, unfortunately an idea but too prevalent with military men in all ages.

"If I might be permitted to speak," said Michel respectfully, "I would give a piece of advice."

"Speak, Master Secretary," replied Henry IV. dryly.

"In my humble opinion, neither course will succeed. Your majesty is not master of France till your conversion to the Catholic Church has been recognized by the Pope; therefore St. Malo thinks herself bound by no ties to obey you, while the stout burghers would rather bury their city in its own ruins than be ruled by one suspected of heresy."

"Truly," said the king, still more dryly. "Well, as you think that my reason may not prove convincing, what say you to the warlike proposition of Messire de Fontaines?"

"He might succeed; but the Malouines are stubborn dogs, and I fancy the burgher-guard would perish to a man first. They know the value of liberty. They pay no taxes now except to themselves, and they fear that your majesty, however gentle and generous a king, may not exempt them from state charges, if they once join France."

"And personally what think you?" asked the king with a scrutinizing air.

"Sire, I should not sympathize with men who hate me because they see me here, but at bottom I think them right," and the young man smiled at the vacant astonishment of De Fontaines.

"Then why are you not with them?" continued the king.

"For many reasons, sire," said Michel with some emotion; "in the first place, because of my strong personal attachment to Monsieur de Fontaines, a man of learning and parts, in whose society and conversation I learn much that is valuable and useful."

The Count de Fontaines appeared much flattered, the king laughed heartily.

"I should have thought it was the count found your learning agreeable, for I believe you have studied and read, young man. But is the Lady Isabella a person of learning, and do you find her society also valuable and useful?"



"The Lady Isabella, sire, is a person of rare modesty, talents, and with a deep desire for study. Shut up in this castle, her chief resource is books, and she has been pleased to ask my advice and assistance in fathoming the secrets of Latin and Greek poesy," replied Michel firmly.

"A new Abelard and Heloise," said the king with something of a frown; "but you may retire to your studies, as I have private business with the governor, Master Secretary."

Michel bowed and retired, the Lady Isabella having preceded him by ten minutes. The king waited until he was quite out of hearing.

"Sir Count, that youth is a burning local patriot. He is personally attached to you, and more so to your daughter, but the moment you turn against his native city, he will abandon you, and combat you even unto the death."

"Sire!" exclaimed the astounded governor, opening eyes that would have done honor to a Mongolian idol; "you mistake Michel. The lad loves but Greek and Latin; he reads all day, and is the companion of my daughter, and my secretary and friend. He could never be a traitor."

"Count de Fontaines, there are few men who have not been traitors within the last twenty years, during these long civil wars. But I have learned to read men's countenances. This youth has served you while the ally and protector of his native city. But once turn against St. Malo, and, knowing your plans, he will frustrate them. Make no noise, but see that he does not leave the castle to-night."

"Your majesty shall be obeyed," said the count, rising with an effort.

"No haste, Sir Count; let us take a walk on the ramparts, and there consider further of what is to be done."

And the king and the count walked forth to the battlements in earnest discourse.

#### IV.

The great tower of the castle of Anne of Brittany was the favorite place of resort both of Isabella and Michel. Here they often sat for hours in the day reading, watching the waves, the wide sea, and the white sails glancing in the distance on the moving waters. In the evening, they sometimes came with the count to spend an hour or two in discourse; and, on the present occasion, the two young people were seated there in the company of two waiting-maids, who conversed, in a corner, of their absent sweet-hearts; both being well-favored girls, sought in marriage by rich young citizens of the town. It was a lovely night. The moon danced over the speckled waters with a brightness almost equal to that

of day, silvering the house-tops and the ramparts, the cathedral and the rocks of St. Malo, while it brought out in bold relief the towers of Solidor.

"I must leave you," said Michel in a low tone; "my dream of love and happiness is over. Your father has at last resolved to become the aggressor. You know my feelings, you know my hopes; but you know also that I love my native city, and am determined to see it free and independent. I have never deceived you, and in your heart you are a Malouine yourself."

"Yes, Michel, you have taught me to love all that belongs to you. Your country is my country, your home my home. I was but a French girl two years ago, now I am of St. Malo. But remember your solemn promise and my vow. You will in any struggle look after my father; and I, if anything happens to him, shall enter a convent, and we part forever. But could I not warn him?"

"Isabella, your father never tells you his secrets; if he did, you would not betray them to me. I tell you mine; they must be sacred as your word."

They were looking down from the battlements as they spoke to where the sea broke against the rocks a hundred and twenty feet below.

"I will keep true to my word," exclaimed Isabella; "but be careful."

"My love, I answer for your father's life with mine," replied Michel warmly.

"And be careful of your own," continued Isabella sadly; and then she added more cheerfully, "at all events, my Greek and Latin lessons are at an end."

"Why, dearest?" asked Michel anxiously.

"Because you are now so occupied with your warlike schemes, your plots and conspiracies, that you will have no time to think of me."

"When the time comes that I do not think of you, my heart will have ceased to beat. But adieu, Lady Isabella; here is the king and your father."

"Whither away so hastily?" said the rather sarcastic voice of the king.

"I was making place for your majesty," replied Michel with a shudder. In the sound of that voice, he thought he detected a suspicion of his great secret.

"Nay, stay near the Lady Isabella, while the count and I keep sentry awhile. Methinks there will be rumors in the city to-night. What building is that so brilliantly lighted up in the Grand Place?"

Michel drew a long breath, and then answered calmly, a clock meanwhile striking ten: "It is the palace of the bishop."

"A notorious Leagner," said the king.

"Yes, sire, and hence kept a prisoner in his own palace."

"I' faith, a goodly set of rebels, that will own neither one king nor the other, nor even their own bishop-elect," said Henry IV., laughing, and then he turned to whisper to the governor. They leaned over the battlements towards the town, so placed that no one could descend the stairs of the tower without brushing against them; while Michel and Isabella overlooked the sea.

The town was dark and still, save where the palace of the bishop stood out in marked relief in the large place. Suddenly this was more evident as the moon disappeared, and the scene became in general dark and gloomy. At this moment a bugle sounded from some unknown spot in the town—a grave and solemn air, that made the heart of king and governor beat; it was almost unearthly in its tone.

"What means that!" said Henry IV. in a low tone.

"I know, not; but perhaps if we ask Michel, he will tell us," replied the governor. "He knows all the customs of the place."

"Then ask him, in God's name, for methinks that horn bodes no good, sounding at this hour in the silent city."

They turned to where Michel and Isabella had been, but Michel had disappeared, and Isabella was standing up, her back turned to them, talking with her maids.

"Where is Michel?" said the Count de Fontaines, hurriedly advancing towards his daughter.

"He left me but a moment since, and said he would be back presently," replied Isabella.

"Said I not so?" muttered the king.

"There is something beneath all this. Count de Fontaines, go down into the castle, and keep good watch. I will mount sentry myself on this tower. I feel that the night will not pass without events. Be quick; and, if you can, prevent Michel from leaving the castle. Put him in safe custody until the morning."

The count and his daughter left the summit of the tower, and descended the stairs leading to the Place d'Armes. Henry remained alone. His mind was in that uneasy state which is said to prelude misfortune. He was anxious, because he could not tell whence the danger would come; but he determined, fatigued as he was, to watch all night, and take rest only next day. He walked up and down for some time, but he heard nothing but the wind, which had risen almost to a gale, and howled around the battlements, and once more at midnight the sound of the wild music played on the mysterious bugle. He looked down upon the dark town, but without noticing anything remarkable, except that the palace of the archbishop remained lighted up in the same brilliant manner. He then sat down for a few min-

utes, musing deeply; then his eyes closed a moment; he saw again Michel and Isabella, and he heard afar off the semi-wailing of a plaintive horn; and then he was in a sound sleep, from which he awoke only when startled by the din of arms, the firing of guns, and a general murmur throughout the castle. He rubbed his eyes, and started to his feet.

We must, however, retrograde an hour or two.

## V.

Pepin de la Blinais occupied, in one of the most retired streets of the town, but close to the port, a large house, where also were stored the goods in which he and an elder brother dealt. There was an office where the clerks attended to their duties and received their customers, the apartments above of the young men, and an extensive warehouse. This had been just emptied of goods and cleared out for the purpose of receiving the cargo of two ships recently arrived in port. About half-past nine on the same evening that saw the stirring events above described, Pepin de la Blinais, who with his brother had been to a grand dinner at the episcopal palace, entered his house, and, while Guillaume performed some prearranged duties in the warehouse, ascended to the roof, and there, precisely at ten o'clock, hidden among the chimneys, sounded the horn which had excited the surprise and alarm of King Henry IV., and his general. Then he descended, wrapped himself in a long cloak, and issued into the street. He went a little way, and then, with a long wand he carried, knocked against a door, and waited; presently the door opened.

"What is it?" said a low voice, as if half aware of what was going on.

"Heard you the horn?" replied Pepin.

"Ay, I heard," was the whispered answer.

"To-night, at one, at Pepin's."

"Good," replied the other.

On went Pepin de la Blinais, knocking sometimes at windows, sometimes at doors and always going through the form of the same conversation. He thus, in the space of little more than half an hour, visited the houses of more than fifty citizens, and then he returned home. In the warehouse he found more than 200 burghers collected, while at every instant others arrived, Pepin having visited but chiefs of tens, whose business it was on such occasions secretly to advise their fellows. Porcon de la Barbinais was there, and he at once, by common consent, as the oldest man present, took the chair.

Pepin then rose, and addressed the assembly. He told them that a moment long looked forward to had arrived. The so-called king of France, certainly a brave and gallant man, but a usurper and heretic, was about to

attempt to lay his hand upon St. Malo. That city had enjoyed ten centuries of freedom, of liberty and independence, but of late years had fallen under a kind of semi-allegiance to the kings of France, who, however, had never been able to impose taxes, leaving, too, to the people the election of their own officers. But now Henry IV. having become king of France, being a great general, and an ambitious man, was about to attempt the junction of the city of St. Malo with his kingdom. He for his part was determined not to consent to this. At all events, at the very worst, the Malouines should assert their freedom so completely, that if ever the power of the kings of France became irresistible, they should be able to make the best terms they could. There was only one way of making terms with a king, and that was, to have him on the outside of their walls, or else a prisoner. Now Henry IV. was within their walls, of course with some sinister object. Now, then, or never, was their time. Let them at once fly to arms, and take possession of the citadel; they would then be free.

A loud exclamation of delight and acquiescence burst from the assembly.

"But, citizens and people of St. Malo," said Porcon, rising from his chair, "though what Pepin proposes be true and just, you must not forget that it is difficult of execution. We can never be independent unless the castle be ours."

"Then let us take it," replied Pepin quietly.

"Young man, 'tis easier said than done. The castle is well defended; it has within its walls troops of tried valor and heroism. How can we, burghers and citizens, hope to attack and capture such a citadel! Stone walls are hard, and man's flesh is weak."

"We can try," continued Pepin de la Blinais modestly. His very tone was heroic.

"We can all die," replied Porcon, shaking his head. "No one ever doubted the valor of the Malouines; but courage can do little against stone ramparts."

The citizens looked grave, and Pepin bit his lip. He seemed, young and ardent as he was, to fear that the counsels of peace would prevail.

"Let us, at all events, prepare some plan. There is no time to lose; not a day!" —

"Not a moment — not an instant," said a deep and earnest voice — the voice of one who, as he spoke, stepped up to where Porcon sat, and cast off a thick cloak and slouched hat, which had gained him admittance to the assembly.

"Michel the traitor!" cried the whole assembly with one voice. "We are betrayed!"

A rush took place towards the audacious intruder, who, however, stood firm, while

Porcon, holding out his hand, implored silence.

"We are not wild beasts!" he thundered; "be still; let Michel speak. He is our fellow-citizen. Silence!"

A murmur arose from all sides, and then, at the voice of the president, who was universally beloved, silence prevailed.

"Traitor!" exclaimed Michel in a sarcastic voice, at the same time speaking with the air of a commander rather than a criminal before his judges — "Traitor! My countrymen, I wish that all men in St. Malo were traitors as I have been. You talk of capturing the castle. If I find amongst you but fifty men of heart and courage, the citadel shall this night be yours, and Henry the Fourth your prisoner, and that with little or no bloodshed. You call me traitor! Is there amidst you all one who, for two years, could have borne the obloquy and infamy I have borne, with but one idea in his head — that of freeing his native country? St. Malo is my life, my soul! Knowing that no ordinary method could succeed, two years ago I became the secretary of the Count de Fontaines. 'Tis true I loved his daughter; but even the winning of her heart was secondary with me to the liberty of St. Malo. That was my first, my ardent hope. I lived, then, in the castle; I studied its every stone, and as long as nothing was done against my native city, I served my master well. I have no right now to reveal the secrets of my late employer, but this I tell you, the castle must be ours to-night."

Dead silence followed. Men drew long breaths, and all seemed relieved from something that had oppressed them.

"O Michel! Michel!" cried Pepin, rushing into his arms; "why did you not trust me! What misery you caused me for ten months past I have no words to tell!"

"My friend, actions like mine cannot bear accomplices. You would have sought to defend my character, and I should have been betrayed. But listen to me; there is no time to be lost. Are all resolved to take the castle to-night?"

"All! all!" said the citizens.

"Appoint a chief, then," replied Michel quietly.

"Michel," exclaimed Porcon rising, "we owe you a reparation of the most marked kind; command — we obey."

Michel simply bowed his acceptance, and then gave hurried orders.

"Pepin, pick out fifty-five of the younger members of our body, youths who can climb, and whose heads are not likely to grow dizzy. Let these follow us. Do you, Porcon, arouse the whole guard, and when you hear the horn sound from the summit of the Generale Tower, attack the Quic-en-Grogne. Its gates will

soon open, and the castle is ours. But mark me; take not the life of the count, as you love me; and respect the king. I am no friend to his authority, but I admire and reverence the man. Not an instant is to be lost—go."

Pepin had in a few minutes found the fifty-five volunteers required; the rest then dispersed, to prepare for their warlike expedition. The fifty-six remained alone with their young chief.

"What orders now?" said Pepin.

"Follow me, and let the rest meet us on the port in ten minutes with such boats as will take us all to the foot of the Tower of La Generale!"

A look of stupefaction met the words of Michel, who, however, coldly waved his hand for them to go.

"What are you about to do?" said Pepin in a low tone, while the others hurried to provide arms for the expedition, under the influence of a feeling of confidence inspired alone by the manner of their young leader.

"To reënter the castle as I left it," replied Michel quietly; and then, as he went along, he explained how he had escaped the vigilance of the king and the governor.

For months he had prepared for the contingency that had occurred. In a hollow of the outward battlements of the tower, beneath some overhanging weeds, he had concealed a long knotted cord, that measured a hundred and twenty feet. This he had fastened, while the king's attention was withdrawn, to a cannon, and then bidding Isabel turn her head away, had descended with the agility of a sailor. Once upon the water, he had swum round to the port, and reaching the gate, partly by persuasion partly by threats, had got it opened. He now proposed that the whole troop should ascend to the summit of the tower, and thus capture the citadel by a bold and audacious act, letting in afterwards their companions to consolidate their victory. Pepin heard with awe, wonder, and delight the narrative of Michel, at whose house they had now arrived. He went in for a moment, and then came out followed by two men, who had been waiting, bearing a heavy parcel. It was now midnight; the fifty-five adventurers were waiting at the port; the city-guard was collecting and arming throughout the town; Henry IV. was watching on the summit of La Generale, convinced that something strange was going on in St. Malo. At this moment Pepin sounded the signal-horn, to announce to all to be ready: they had arrived at the port.

#### VI.

The night was dark, gusty, and tempestuous; the moon had fallen some two hours, and left a gray cold sky, which soon was robed in

clouds, that came driving up from the north-west with singular rapidity. It was a night for an act of desperation, such as that which they were about to attempt. When Michel and Pepin came down upon the port, they found four large boats ready launched, their masts stepped, their sails loosely flapping, and eight men at the oars. Not a word was spoken—not a sound was heard beyond the roar of the tempest, the rattling of cords, and the beating of the waves against the shore. Michel chose a boat, and at once entered.

"A wild night for fishing," said a rough sailor, who had assisted to put out the boats, and, with seven others, was about to share the dangers of the night; "and a strange captain," he added, as he recognized Michel. "Silence, Pierre du Parc!" replied Michel; "but one voice must be heard to-night, and that is mine. Put this packet on board."

The sailor obeyed with silent wonder. Then Michel and Pepin entered the same boat, the latter taking the helm. The sails were closely furled, but still a small portion was left open to the wind, as the current of the Rance is strong, and that night ran like a mill-race. When they were outside the port, the helmsman put the helm hard up, and let the boat run right before the wind. The first oarsman almost backed his oar with astonishment.

"Where, in God's name, are we going?" said he. He was one of the sailors who was to take care of the boats and seek shelter up the river, as soon as the party had landed.

"Silence, forward there! let the first man who speaks be thrown overboard!" replied Michel in a stern, commanding voice. The man bent quietly to his oar. He now knew that he was on a desperate errand, and, like a bold sailor, determined to do his duty, whatever it might be.

Michel steered directly up the bay which formed the mouth of the river, with the castle to his left. Already did he hear the roar of the rushing waters against the rock, and, bidding Pepin be cautious, advanced to the bows of the boat. Behind, he saw the three others laboring, like themselves, heavily in the storm, each moment becoming more alarming. The dull roar of heaven's artillery in the distance soon added to the terror of a scene that, to those who were actors in it, was simply sublime. These hardy natures, these youths who all their lives had been rocked upon the ocean waves, braved the peril with a mysterious feeling of excitement not unlike that with which we gaze at a terrible act in some mimic drama. They had no fear save of failure, and hence only wished themselves at the summit of the Generale. Presently Michel made a sign, just as a flash of lightning illumined the whole scene. Pepin well understood. Following the direction of Michel's

arm, he again pressed the helm, shifted the sail, and plunged through the roaring waves towards the rock.

"In sail—back your oars!" cried Michel in a low tone, leaping at the same time into the boiling and seething waters, the painter in hand. The boat struck violently against the rock at the same moment, but Michel was above, fastening the line to a projecting block of stone. The other boats were easily moored to the first. This dangerous part of their duty effected, Michel made a sign that the boats should run for shelter up the river, to return in two hours with a good crew, unless they heard such tidings as rendered their coming back unnecessary. First, however, the heavy parcel was put on shore. Here, then, in the cold, beaten with the surf, stood these fifty-seven men, about to attempt an act almost unexampled in history, and which, in days when courage alone obtained much credit, should have immortalized them all. All stood close together, grasping the rock; no one moved a step. They would have rolled into the sea, and none could have stirred to save them. All were silent, waiting the orders of Michel; and the lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled, and then the clock of the cathedral struck one.

"You see this cord?" said Michel in a low, firm, but clear voice. "I must ascend by this. It will safely bear but one man. Once up, I shall haul up the ladder contained in this packet. It will support a dozen at least. Let parties of thirteen and fourteen ascend at a time. But, recollect, I will come down again, to head the band that ascends first."

"Nay, stop up there," said Pepin. "It will be so much time saved."

"But how know when all is safe?" asked Michel.

"At half-past one, the first man shall put his foot on the first rope," replied Pepin. Michel made no reply. He had thirty minutes to do his work in, and his time was therefore precious. Whilst several below held the cord tight, Michel, his sword in his teeth, his musketoon on his back, began his ascent; shaken by the wind, stunned by the thunder, and seeing, as he mounted, the sea first, then the port, then the ramparts, then the summit of the fortress. No man not inured to the sea, and who had not during a hurricane gone aloft to furl topgallant-sails, or who had not sat out at the leeward end of a yard, plunging almost at every moment in the waves, could have gone up safely. Even Michel looked upward, on one side, but never down. His thoughts, however, were so bent on his enterprise, that he had no time for dizziness to seize him, and in ten minutes he was at the summit. He was about to climb over and had raised one leg, when he saw a man seated on a stone-bench opposite.

Michel felt his head swim. His daring attempt in favor of the ancient liberties and hereditary independence of his native island was about to fail before an unforeseen accident. No sentry ever guarded at night the impregnable Generale; they occupied the other ramparts. But in twenty minutes his companions would be climbing up, perhaps, a half-fastened ladder. Inside the port-hole, which was large, lay a heavy cannon, the carriage of which was mending. On this depended the whole success of the young man's enterprise. He ensconced himself as well as he could outside on the stone projection which served as a gutter, holding on inside the port-hole; then he unfastened the rope, and passed one end round the cannon: to this, watching the sleeper the whole time, he attached a heavy piece of iron prepared for the purpose, and long secreted, which he then began lowering, by this means slowly drawing up the rope-ladder. The quarter struck, and the sleeper slightly moved. Michel went on deliberately with his work as if the man had not been there, and soon found the end of the rope-ladder in his hand. At this moment the man moved again, and rose. Michel had laid down his musketoon, but he clutched a dagger and a heavy pistol. He had never taken life, but now he was resolved to spare not this stranger, if he stood in the way of his success. The man went to the side where was the tower, looked over, saw nothing suspicious, and returned to his seat. In another minute he was again asleep; and Michel, passing his arm through the loophole, crossed the battlements, and in a minute was on the top of the tower, crouching in the deep shadow of the wall.

"Who goes there?" said a deep, commanding voice that made Michel shudder. He lay still and made no reply, his hand upon both pistol and dagger, resolved that no man made by God's hand should cause his enterprise to fail.

The man looked sleepily about, muttered to himself that he saw shadows everywhere, and again fell asleep. He thus most certainly saved his own life.

At this instant of time Michel heard, distinctly above the storm, the first stroke of the half-hour; his heart sank within him. The ladder was not safely fastened on one side, on he went, however, with cold and steady hand, knotting, tying, until he heard the deep-toned bell cease to vibrate.

He had not finished yet and his companions were ascending; but still he pursued his work, and in a few minutes had completed his task. The ladder seemed firm as a rock. Then he rose up boldly, and walked slowly up and down the platform of the tower.

When Henry IV. awoke the first time from



a heavy sleep, his eyes were so fatigued that he did not perceive the unusual movement in the town. He never thought of looking towards the sea; it never struck him that any danger could come thence. He accordingly, although determined to watch through the night, again allowed slumber to gain upon him, believing that any danger would become apparent at dawn. When he heard a faint, incautious movement made by Michel, he was half asleep, and what he heard seemed part of a restless dream.

The king was a peasant, alone in a hut—that is, the only one awake. On a couch slept a beautiful young woman, with two children beside her. All looked warm and comfortable, and a dog nestled comfortably at her feet before a bright fire. The peasant was gazing with rapture at the scene, when the dog moaned, and raised its head, but, seeing nothing, it lay down again. Presently it barked sharply, and this time the young woman held up her head, and, seeing the peasant, smiled. "Art not going to rest to-night, my husband?" she said in well-known tones that made the man's heart leap.

"Presently, dearest; but I have been so happy gazing at you that I never thought of slumber," replied the peasant.

"Then will I get up and share your watching," said she; and the beautiful girl rose, and advanced towards the fireplace, while the dog leaped up, wagging its tail.

The king at this moment started, and found himself seated on a hard stone-bench, on the summit of the great tower of the Generale, a man looking curiously at him. "Who is it?" cried he, leaping up, and laying his hand upon his sword.

"I, sire," replied Michel coldly.

"Michel!" exclaimed the king, rubbing his eyes, and much surprised; "and what do you here? Surely you do not expect the Lady Isabella!"

"No, sire, I am waiting to hear the cathedral clock strike two," continued Michel firmly, and even somewhat sternly.

"Why, Master Secretary?" cried the king, somewhat struck by his tone, and still impressed with the belief that something was about to happen.

"That is a secret your majesty will learn soon enough," replied Michel; "for it now strikes the quarter."

At this moment Michel heard a noise that made his blood run cold; he clearly distinguished the grating of a cord against iron, and knew that the ladder had slightly slipped. His anguish was intolerable.

"Young man," exclaimed the king with severity, "I am not accustomed to receive such replies. Your answer bodes no good. Already I have spoken to the count of my suspicions, and they are now realized. Speak,

young man, or I will have you arrested as a traitor, and punished as you deserve."

"Before I reply to any questions," said Michel firmly—he had heard no further sound—"I must beg your majesty to explain what you mean by the word traitor applied to me."

"If you are in any plot to secure the independence of St. Malo, and to take this castle out of the king's hand, you are a traitor, a double traitor—first to your king and then to your employer."

"Sire, I have no king."

"How mean you, sirrah?" continued Henry IV., much struck by the lofty and bold manner of the young man. "Who then, if you please, am I?"

"Henry of Navarre, king of France, but not monarch of St. Malo; which, since its foundation, has been an independent community, allied sometimes to France, sometimes to Brittany, but never the serf of either."

"But France and Navarre are now united; you can pretend no longer to resist both. You might cope with one, backed by the other, but never with united France."

"We will try," said Michel modestly.

"But, madman!" said the king, his anger vanishing before the other's audacity, "you may be sure that all France will soon be peacefully inclined, and ruled over by me. How, then, can you contend against me, with a citadel commanding your town?"

"I mean to take the castle," continued Michel, listening anxiously all the time.

"Fore heaven, you are a bold rascal, Master Michel; and had I not been warned, you would make me uneasy. But now I have nothing to fear, since I am prepared. You must certainly expect me to put you in confinement." And the king made a motion for the other to follow.

"Your majesty may be assured, that, had I not been certain of my success, I should have remained silent," said Michel coldly.

"But, man of enigmas, explain yourself. When do you mean to take the castle?" cried the king impatiently.

"This morning, as the clock strikes two," said Michel quietly.

"The fellow is mad!" exclaimed Henry, half inclined to laugh. "Your means! for it will strike two instantly."

"If your majesty will look over towards the town at the open place before the Quic-en-Grogne, you will begin to understand."

The king turned hurriedly to the ramparts, and, peering down into the depths below, saw distinctly a body of about 1000 men, standing silently in front of the main-entrance of the castle, with six pieces of cannon pointed towards the gates of the hated tower.

"Ah! Ventre St. Gris! these knavish citizens have caught us napping. Master Secretary, this must be looked to. You are my prisoner; follow me!"

"Your majesty is mistaken," said Michel firmly, at the same time placing himself before the head of the winding-stair; "it is your majesty who is my prisoner!"

"Passembleu! this is beyond a joke; make way, man, or my sword shall carve it for me;" and the king laid his hand on the hilt of his sword.

Michel never replied; and at the same instant the horn, which had already so puzzled the king, was heard sounding woefully but clearly behind his back, on the summit of the tower of La Generale. The king turned sharply round, and saw behind him three men, while a fourth was leaping over the battlements.

"St. Denis to the rescue!" cried Henry IV.; but ere he could utter another word, he was caught hold of by the armed men, and held a prisoner.

"Respect the brave Henry of Navarre, king of France!" said Michel in a low tone, "and you, your majesty, give your royal word not to seek escape by violence, and I will leave you your sword."

"Ventre St. Gris, young man!" exclaimed the king, overwhelmed with surprise and vexation as much as with fury at defeat, and well aware that, if Michel chose, he could now put him into the hands of the League, and thus buy their support—"I promise what you ask; but pray tell me by what magic you have gained possession of this tower! Surely you have not ascended from the sea!"

"We have, your majesty, by the same rope that enabled me to escape this evening, some four hours before; but we have no time to explain anything now. Hark! the cannon proclaim the attack; and, as I mean my victory to be accomplished without bloodshed, we must act. Your majesty will be pleased to descend with me, and announce to the garrison, that fifty-seven of the bravest youths in St. Malo hold the Generale; that we thus have the powder-magazine in our hands; that I offer to the garrison an honorable capitulation; but mark this—I have vowed to take the citadel or die. At three o'clock, if the gates are not opened, and the castle be not in my hands, I will set fire to the powder-magazine!"

The king heard his calm, cold voice, he saw his iron face, he looked out upon the raging waves, and down the immense depths of the tower, more terrible from the profound darkness, and he believed.

"I will bear your message, Sir Michel," he said quietly; "but let us hasten." There were now fifteen men on the summit of the tower, and others were rapidly ascending.

"Follow me, Pepin," continued Michel, speaking in loud commanding tones; "we must hasten below. The castle is alarmed; but as yet all attention is drawn from this side. As you go, tell me how you fared."

They descended rapidly the winding staircase, overcame the resistance of the small guard of four men in a lower chamber, and then barricading themselves in, awaited the progress of events, after sending forth their great prisoner as bearer of their wishes and commands.

The bold youth had then time to listen to Pepin's story.

When Michel had half ascended the rope, leaving his companions behind, a low murmur from one or two attracted the attention of Pepin, who had been appointed lieutenant by the improvised dictator of the night. He asked in a whisper what was the matter; and hearing that an idea had been set afloat that Michel was perhaps betraying them, burst forth, despite all his caution, in a whole vocabulary of invectives against the coward who dared suspect one greater than them all; he then imposed strict silence. It was a singular scene. Around, rocks and the sea—the first black, the second white—with wind howling, and waves roaring; and above, sheer point blank upward, apparently reaching the skies, the vast tower. The men were pressed together closely, as the base of the castle afforded little space, and the rope-ladder even took up a portion. At first they could see Michel, but presently they lost sight of him, his figure mingling with the darkness, except when a flash of lightning revealed his presence; but still the vibration of the rope told that he was ascending, for Pepin and several others held it. Suddenly this ceased, and then an anxious moment of silence followed, all eyes being cast upward toward the summit of the tower.

"It ascends," said Pepin then in a low whisper, that went round the whole body like an electric shock. Up it went, quickly at first, then slowly, and at last with so slow a motion as to alarm the daring youths.

"Michel finds it too much for him, I fear," said Pepin with a shudder. "Two should have ascended."

"It goes up again!" exclaimed one with an exclamation of delight.

From that moment its ascending motion never ceased. But when about twenty yards remained uncoiled, a man who stood on the very edge of the rock spoke in a startled whisper; "Michel is letting something down."

All drew in their breath and waited; but their suspense was not of long duration, as most of them had guessed Michel's ingenious device for aiding the carrying up of his ladder.

Pepin lost not a moment; he cast loose the piece of iron as soon as he could lay hands on it, and set the rope adrift. It went up again with extreme rapidity. Then an anxious pause ensued, and the clock struck half-past one. All pressed forward; but Pepin was thoughtful and wise.

"Give him one minute's grace," he said; "he may not have been quite ready."

That minute decided the fate of the enterprise. Had Michel not had that one minute, his ladder would have fallen. As it was, it was but ill fastened. Then Pepin, having seen that his horn was safe, put his foot on the ladder, bidding twelve others follow, and they began their ascent. They were all bold and resolute youths; but the peril was so extreme, the enterprise so hazardous—a chafed rope might cast all headlong into the sea or on the heads of their companions, a sentry might give the alarm—that not one but felt his heart beat quicker than it had ever done before. The ladder to the first company was comparatively easy of ascent, but to the last it would be terrible; for then it would hang loosely, and shake at the will of the wind. On they went, then, those thirteen men, their musketoon on their backs, their swords between their teeth, their daggers ready at hand, and every man vowing a wax-candle to our Lady of St. Malo, if ever he lived to enter a church again. They climbed with steady and measured steps—a proceeding when they were half-way up of considerable inconvenience, for as the thirteen left feet descended on thirteen rattlins on the left side, the ladder swung fearfully from side to side.

"Stop!" said Pepin suddenly to the next man; and then, as the word passed down, he bade them step one on one side, and one on the other. They found this remedy, in a great measure, the evil complained of.

"Ave-Maria, God rest our souls!" exclaimed Pepin suddenly in a frantic tone, as he felt the ladder give way, and already saw himself, with his unfortunate companions, cast upon the heads of his friends below.

At the same instant a terrific jerk, sufficiently proclaiming that for a moment the danger was over, nearly cast them from their holding; but then the rope remained steady again, and all breathed. There was not a face at that moment, could it have been seen, but was blanched with terror. Their hearts had almost ceased to beat, their wrists were wrenched, and their hands, though clutching the thick rope convulsively, seemed to be about to refuse their office. Then, muttering a hurried prayer, the adventurers continued their ascent, and soon arrived at the summit, with the feeling of men snatched from certain death.

Their first act was to examine the fastening of the ladder. A hastily tied knot had become unfastened, and the loosened cord had given

the ladder two feet additional length. Nothing had saved them from destruction, but that the top rattlin of the ladder caught in two projecting stones of sufficient strength to bear them. They took care now to make the whole so firm that those below had nothing to fear.

When those who were anxiously awaiting their turn felt the ladder fall, for one second of time, loose in their hands, and become two feet longer, their first impulse was flight, and some dashed into the sea up to their necks, to save themselves from destruction; but two held on, and the panic, which lasted little more than a second, being over, the whole again congregated fearfully at the foot of the tower in whispered conference. There were one or two brave men and true, who afterwards were not ashamed to own that they would, but for very terror of the others, have retreated. All understood that the ladder had partially given way, and even now it was possible every minute that the whole might come down about their ears.

They listened, then, with deep anxiety, and kept their eyes fixed upwards. Then came the sound of the horn. It was now one general rush towards the ladder, and the inferior chiefs had some difficulty in preventing the whole from ascending at once. As it was, persuaded that those above would now see to their safety, twenty-three ventured to ascend.

At half-past two, all were safely up, having performed one of the most daring feats on record, and in a cause far more justifiable than usual in those days, or even in any days of heroism, men being too apt to judge the manner of a deed less than its object. The pirates of the Gulf performed many acts almost as bold, but they, actuated by cupidity, are not to be compared with those ardent youths, whose sole object was the freedom of their native town.

## VII.

The Count de Fontaines had not retired to rest, nor had his daughter; they believed it to be their duty to await the king's descent from the tower; but they were up under the influence of very different feelings. The count believed the bluff monarch's fears chimerical. He had so long seen the Malouines quiet, that although he knew their aspirations after liberty and independence to be real and serious, yet he did not think them capable of asserting them by force of arms. But Isabella knew that something was about to be done, and she therefore remained up, much against her father's will, as much to protect him in case of danger, as to await the hour which should signal the outbreak. Her position was difficult; her sympathies were with Michel. She understood that a free city, proud of its

liberties, should wish to possess its own citadel, free from what it considered foreign troops; she comprehended its desire for self-taxation; and, able as it was to defend itself, she believed it entitled to continue as it had existed for ten centuries. But then her own father headed these foreign soldiers, and there might be danger to him. She hoped and believed there was none; but she remained up to be ready in case of any serious events, resolved to die herself, if necessary, for him.

The count then sat calmly in an arm-chair, softly cushioned, and covered with Genoa velvet; while Isabella leaned her elbows on a table, to all appearance reading in a huge folio, but really wrapped in her own thoughts. Suddenly she heard the horn sound from the summit of La Generale, and started to her feet, her volume falling on the ground in her haste.

"What is it? who calls?" exclaimed the count, rubbing his eyes.

Isabella listened, but replied not while the governor rose and hearkened, not yet sufficiently awake to understand what had occurred. Two minutes later, the roar of artillery, then the cries of sentries, the sound of trumpet and the beat of drums, told him that some event of alarming import was going on.

"In the name of God, what means this?" said he, about to rush out. "Have the mad Leaguers learned the king's presence here, and come to break their heads against stone walls?"

"Stay, my dear father, stay," cried Isabella passionately; "there is danger without, and I should die if you go."

"Nay, child, I must go. What is it, Choppau!" he added, as a soldier entered in hot haste.

"My lord, a revolt of the citizens. They fire cannon on the castle gates, and are at least ten thousand," said the alarmed soldier.

"Tush, tush!" exclaimed Henry entering; "talk not so big, my man. Go to the ramparts, and command that they cease all firing. Bid your officer ask ten minutes' truce, and say that Henry of Navarre will himself treat with them."

"Sire!" cried the astonished count, while the soldier rushed out to obey his sovereign's command.

"De Fontaines," continued the king calmly, "there is no time to be lost; answer my questions quickly."

"I await your majesty's commands," replied the other, bewildered beyond all possibility of description at what was going on around him.

"How many men have you?"

"One hundred and thirty-six, sire."

"For how long have you ammunition, supposing the powder-magazine in their hands?"

"For not one moment. It is all kept there, sire, for safety," said De Fontaines, still more astounded.

"How long could you hold out, supposing the Generale in the enemy's power, the powder-magazine captured, and fifty-seven devils of Malouines raging within?"

"Not five minutes, sire; the men would fear!"

"The blowing up of the magazine?"

"Your majesty! I am lost in amazement; explain yourself, sire," continued the stupefied soldier.

"De Fontaines, the Generale is in their hands; the powder-magazine is theirs; their chief threatens to blow it up if we do not surrender; and I am a prisoner on parole!" said the king, half amused at the other's alarm.

De Fontaines sank on a chair, overwhelmed with confusion, shame, and astonishment.

"But—how—in—the—holy—name, did they get there?"

"Your Malouines are good sailors—they climbed up the tower from the sea, deceiving the sentry, by name Henry the Fourth of France, and taking him prisoner," said the king bitterly.

"The foul fiend," exclaimed De Fontaines, "must be at the bottom of this."

"No; but one as clever," said the Bear-nais, looking fixedly at Isabella, who was pale and red alternately, as various emotions affected her.

"Who, sire?"

"Master Secretary Michel, my wise governor!" replied the king sarcastically.

"Sire," said De Fontaines, rising with dignity, "let me go seek death. I have deserved it."

"My father! your majesty, stop him! he is desperate," cried Isabella passionately.

"Remain, De Fontaines. You are a brave soldier, but one deeper than you has overcome you. We must surrender. I cannot risk my life for one town, and my peculiar position with regard to the League commands me to be on friendly terms with St. Malo, though defeated. They will take the castle; let them have it quietly," and he took up a sheet of paper. "Send this safe-conduct to Michel, and let him come here and treat with us for the capitulation."

De Fontaines turned round to his daughter in despair. "Isabella, am I awake? Do I dream?"

"No time is to be lost. Lady Isabella, do you bear this to Master Secretary; give him our royal word that it shall be respected."

Blushing, trembling, and yet proud of her mission, Isabella went forth. She found the court full of soldiers, some with torches, some with arms, while women and children sat

sobbing and screaming in corners. She passed through the whole party, all making way, and stood at the barred gate of the Generale.

"Who comes?" said a stern voice, while the clank of arms was heard.

"I bear a message to General Michel," replied the young girl in a firm voice.

"Ah! Isabella, is that you? Why here at this hour?" exclaimed the clear voice of the young leader of the audacious band within.

"I bear in my hand a safe-conduct for Michel de la Bardeliere, signed by the royal hand of Henry of Navarre, king of France, who demands to treat with General Michel for the capitulation of the fortress of St. Malo."

It was now first known that the Generale and the powder-magazine were in the hands of the enemy. The mass of soldiers dispersed to look after their private effects, and to prepare for a movement which all felt to be inevitable. Michel opened the door, and came forth boldly. His first step—Isabella had fled—was to seek the ramparts. All was still. The citizens had understood at once the meaning of a truce.

"Citizens," he exclaimed in a loud voice, "let not a gun be fired until firing recommences from within. The castle is ours, and before daylight the gates will be opened."

A terrific shout arose of "Long live Michel! Long live St. Malo!" and then the young man directed his steps towards the apartment where Henry IV. and the governor awaited him. His face was pale, but his brow was firm, and his lips compressed. There was a flash of triumph in his eye, that showed the joy he felt at his certain victory. When he entered the council-chamber he found himself in presence of the king, the Count de Fontaines, and his daughter.

The king rose, which showed that he meant to treat with Michel as an equal for the moment, and seated himself only when the other was seated also.

"Sir Michel," said he graciously, for he could assume gentleness, though in reality furious at his defeat and the loss of such a town, "I had hoped to have won over the Malouines to our royal selves. It seems they prefer independence. Far be it from me to wish to force them to comply. I prefer hoping that time may bring them to wiser councils. The castle, then, I willingly place in your hands, and only ask for my men an honorable capitulation."

"Such is my wish, sire—arms and baggage, but the treasure and ammunition must be ours," replied Michel gravely. "We have supported the garrison long enough, and as men who know the value of money, we consider what the treasury contains to be our due."

"God have mercy on me!" cried De Fontaines, turning very pale, for the king knew nothing of his funds.

"How much is there?" inquired the king, almost inclined to smile.

"I cannot say," replied the count; "ask my secretary. He knows far better than I do."

"Nothing of consequence," said Michel quietly. "It is, however, understood that this castle capitulates at daybreak; that the garrison march out with arms and baggage; and that no hostilities take place in the interval between the contracting parties."

The king acquiesced by a nod, Michel took up a sheet of paper, and in a bold, clear hand noted down the particulars of the capitulation. He then handed it over to the king to sign. Henry IV. read it through without a word, but his quivering lip and half-closed eyes showed the fury that filled his mind. It began: "Terms of the Capitulation of the Citadel of St. Malo, agreed to between Henry IV., King of France and Navarre, and Michel Fortet de la Bardeliere, Provisional Dictator of the Republic of St. Malo," &c. The monarch, however, made no remark, signing one, and taking another signed by Michel. The count and his daughter figured as witnesses. Then Michel rose, bowed gallantly but rather haughtily, and prepared to leave the room.

"Stay," said Henry IV., who saw all the value of attaching such a man personally to himself, feeling convinced, as he did, that St. Malo must be his at last. "Michel de la Bardeliere, though much humiliated at my defeat, I can respect and esteem in you a loyal enemy. I wish, however, public circumstances apart, to be your friend, and therefore beg your acceptance of a gift."

"Your majesty mistakes; you have in your possession no gift that a Malouine can accept," replied Michel rather haughtily.

"Dictator of the Republic of St. Malo," continued the king almost good-humoredly, "I have. Count de Fontaines, the best way of sealing an alliance such as I wish to enter into with my dear friends the Malouines, is to marry the republic to one of mine. Michel loves your daughter, and I believe your daughter"

"Sire, I fall from the clouds—I cannot breathe—I am faint with emotion—it is not possible!"

"Sire," said Michel, deeply moved, "your majesty has a noble way of forgiving your enemies. In acting as I have done, I have been solely actuated by a strong sense of duty. Be assured that my personal gratitude and friendship will be as enduring as my life. I own that I love the Lady Isabella, but I never hoped"

"But is it possible that my daughter can have encouraged a young man employed in



my house as a secretary?" said the governor, perfectly aghast with horror.

"My dear father," replied Isabella, "one of whom you made a companion and a friend. You have never refused me anything yet, and you will not now."

The Count de Fontaines sank in a chair. The king tapped him gently on the shoulder.

"Come, my old and faithful friend," he said, "to oblige your sovereign. You know I am no hard master."

"Sire, I can refuse you nothing. But to give my daughter to one who has deceived me, who has degraded me, who has captured a castle under my command!"

"De Fontaines, Henry the Fourth mounted guard, and was overcome by the audacious valor of this youth. None will dare blame you. It is I upon whom the disgrace will fall."

De Fontaines held out his hand to Michel, whom in reality he loved. The other pressed it, and hurried away; his most ardent dreams realized beyond his brightest hope.

### VIII.

The postern-gate opened to let Michel pass, after he had placed his own sentries over the whole castle, and then he went forth to announce to the citizens assembled without, that at daylight the castle that had so long frowned above their heads would be in their power. The young man was received with rapture. He immediately ordered a portion of the guard to remain under arms, sending the rest to take an hour's refreshment. He then asked Porcon and ten others of the notable citizens to accompany him to his house, where he found his mother and sister sitting up in a state of deep agitation and excitement.

"My son," cried the fond mother, on seeing him enter, while his sister embraced him cordially, "what is all this I hear? Your name, unjustly execrated until now, has been this night lauded to the skies."

"My mother, the cause is simply this; my fellow-citizens hitherto have not known me; they know me now."

"I never doubted you," said his sister warmly.

"I knew you did not, Caterina," said the brother gently. "But I must talk with my friends; I can but tell you, now, that you will in a few days welcome a new sister. Isabella is mine!"

This was said in a whisper, and then Michel seated himself at a table with his friends. Their discourse fell at once on the form of government which the free city of St. Malo should assume. The young man, true to his classical traditions, proposed that they should appoint a consul and a senate, the whole spiritually dependent on

their bishop, but in reality free, the priest having no part in temporal affairs. Michel, however, indulged in no illusions. He was aware that, despite their victory, their position was difficult, and was perhaps only tenable as long as civil wars continued to weaken France. But he chose that they should keep their entire independence as long as possible; that if the day of servitude should ever come, they might fall nobly, securing to themselves immunities and privileges such as their position deserved. His friends adopted his ideas without hesitation, and then, having partaken of refreshment, they departed to summon the old members of the commonalty to confirm or reject their decision. Michel remained with his family, who now asked of him an explanation of what had passed. The young leader of the successful revolt gladly satisfied their curiosity, and had just concluded, amid exclamations of admiration and astonishment from both, when a servant entered.

"What is it, Jean?" asked Michel.

"His reverence, Charles de Bourneuf, Bishop and Lord of St. Malo, wishes to see you," replied the youth.

"Let him enter," said Michel coldly. "Dear mother and sister, leave me alone a while with him."

The two women acquiesced, and Michel remained alone. A moment later, the bishop entered. He was a middle-sized, slight-made man, with an expression of great cunning, and a countenance in general expressive of inordinate ambition and lust of power and wealth.

"Hail, savior of Gaul!" cried he enthusiastically. "You have the reptile in your hands. The enemy of our church, the heretic usurper, is taken; a power greater than any held by man for ages is yours. Use it well, Michel, and heaven and earth have no rewards great enough for you."

"Explain yourself," said Michel quietly, at the same time offering the bishop a seat.

"Michel, are you not aware that Henry of Navarre is a heretic?" began the bishop.

"He was a heretic, but to gain a crown he has abjured," replied Michel in his driest tones; "and, although still suspected of being of the new religion, is at least in name a Roman Catholic, and servitor of his holiness the pope."

"You say truly, Michel. He is still a heretic, and as such unfit to reign in France. On the other hand, there is the League of all true Catholics, which seeks to place on the throne a prince devoted to the interests of the church. But Henry, supported by the devil and Calvin, is a great general, and we have not been able to overcome him. It has been left for you to perform this wondrous feat. He is your prisoner. Michel, the in-

terests of our religion, the salvation of the monarchy, are in your hands: Declare for the League, give up the Bearnais as hostage to them, and the war is over; peace will reign, the true interests of God will be triumphant, and your name will be everlastingly glorious."

"Rather, then, let it be everlastingly infamous," replied Michel firmly; "for I have signed a convention with Henry of Navarre and France; and mark me, my lord bishop, at dawn he rides forth freely."

"Never!" said Charles furiously. "I am lord here, and I will not allow it. I am hereditary ruler in St. Malo, and no treaty is valid without my signature. Never will I sign my name to a wicked and absurd capitulation that sets a heretic and a usurper free."

"Then, your reverence, the treaty must live without your signature. It is signed, and must be carried into effect."

"Who will dare to carry it out in defiance of me?"

"I will, my lord bishop! I braved last night and this morning greater dangers than any you can place in my way. I braved the ascent of the Generale by a single rope, the threatening sword of Henry the Fourth, and for two years the contempt of my fellow-citizens. Mark me; reading, philosophy, and reflection, have taught me that the difference between Romanism and Protestantism is a matter of feeling. There are abuses on both sides, but the balance is with us. I am not bigoted to the one or the other, and like not sudden changes; but rather than submit to the rule of a priest, and change masters, I pledge myself in six months to make St. Malo as strong a hold of the Reformation as La Rochelle. I respect the sincere piety of my countrymen, but, myself half a Huguenot, I should not grieve to see all my countrymen so. But I will not, in so grave a matter, take any initiative; they are good and happy. But mark me, Charles de Bourneuf, no tampering with our liberties. I am neither for king nor League—I am for the liberties of St. Malo. But, in preference to the League, I would accept the king."

"But you, a simple citizen, a merchant, a trader, how dare you resist your hereditary lord, the bishop of St. Malo? Michel, fear not only the excommunication of the church, but temporal punishment."

At this instant a deputation of citizens entered, headed by Porcon. They bowed slightly to the bishop—profoundly to Michel.

"Michel Fortet de la Bardelière," said Porcon in a voice of deep emotion, "I have submitted your proposition to the citizens, and they have decided that St. Malo is an independent commonwealth, governed by a consul, a senate of fifty, and a town-council

of one hundred—all elected by the people. In token of their deep gratitude to you, the savior of your country, they declare unanimously that you are consul for four years. Long live the republic and its first consul!"

Michel closed his eyes, to check the strong feelings that overcame him. The bishop advanced furiously towards the deputation.

"And my rights?" he asked—with clenched fists, says the old chronicle.

"Charles de Bourneuf," said Michel firmly, "return to your palace, and leave it not without further orders. We respect you in your spiritual capacity, but your known devotion to a foreign party causes the city to declare that you are forever excluded from its temporal councils."

Michel had always objected to the interference of priests with government, but, in those days of spiritual bondage, he threw in the party allusion to soothe the bigoted. The priest went out muttering words of revenge, and shut himself up in his palace, which he never left again for four years, except under good guard. Michel received on his shoulders with humility the furred cloak of ancient days worn by the lords of St. Malo, allowed the tiara to be placed on his head and the sword by his side, and then marched forth, to carry out the terms of the capitulation. As the sun rose he entered the castle, where, to his great surprise, he found a chapel fitted up for his marriage, which there and then was celebrated by the command of the king. Then, trumpets sounding and colors flying, and all military honors rendered to them, the garrison, headed by the king and count, marched out, Michel accompanying them some distance. At last they parted, with many mutual good wishes, and the consul returned to his native city, to organize and consolidate his government.

During four years Michel ruled as consul, beloved by his countrymen, whom he made rich, prosperous, and happy. His views were enlarged and comprehensive, and his first thought was to foster commerce—the right hand of civilization. St. Malo became wealthy to a proverb, enjoying as she did the greatest blessing of a state—peace. But at the end of four years, war ceased in France; Henry IV. was universally recognized as king; the pope allowed him to be a good Catholic; and every town and city in the land did homage. He sent word to Michel that he could not resist the advice of his ministers, but must reduce St. Malo to allegiance. Michel was too clear-sighted not to be aware that resistance was useless. He sent, however, a haughty message to the king, in the name of the senate, for he would not join even in the least appearance of submission. He spoke as Cromwell might have done to Louis XIV., and the terms offered by the senate were ac-

cepted. Henry IV. forbade any Protestant chapels to be built within three leagues; the people were exempt from taxes for six years; they chose their own guard; they elected their own magistrates; had a prior and two consuls to try all causes; in fact, they simply owned themselves a city of France, and remained as they were.

Though not in importance one tithe of what it was, St. Malo is still an important place, and there are many even now who would gladly return to the good old times

under the rule of their first and last republican consul, Michel Fortet de la Bardeliere, whose descendants have uniformly served their city well, either as magistrates, merchants, or sailors, preserving religiously in their family the legend of the Rock Republic.

The general reader, however, more readily connects the name with smuggling and contraband brandy, and is almost always ignorant of the daring feats which have induced us to recall the name of Michel Fortet de la Bardeliere.

**NEW MUSEUM OPENED IN PARIS.**—The newspapers mention that, a short time ago, the public were admitted to visit the Musée des Souverains, which has been recently formed at the Louvre. It occupies five rooms at the back of the Colonnade of the Louvre, two of which formerly formed part of the Spanish museum. The first room contains different suits and parts of suits of royal armor worn by Francis II., Henry II., Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV. The second room also contains royal armor, among which is a suit worn by Francis I. The third room contains a chapel of reception of the Order of the Holy Ghost, with the mantles worn by the knights, and other brilliantly ornamented articles connected with the order. The next room, called the Salle des Bourbons, contains numerous articles which belonged to the kings of France from Childeric and Dagobert. Among other things are a series of books used in religious service, which belonged to Louis XIV., Henry IV., Marie Stuart, Henry II., and other monarchs; a Bible, presented in 850 by the monks of the abbey of St. Martin of Tours to Charles the Bald, and since preserved in the church of Melz; a French Bible of Charles V., with the signatures of that monarch, his brother, Jean de Berry, of Henry III., Henry IV., and Louis XIII. and XIV.; the psalter of St. Louis, given by Queen Jeanne to her husband, Charles V., and by King Charles VI. to his daughter, Marie of France; a prayer-book of Charles the Bald, the cover being in silver, inlaid with precious stones, and with a basso-relievo in ivory; an *Evangeliaire* of Charlemagne, executed in 780, &c. In the same room is the marriage-sword of Henry IV., the musket of Louis XIII., the sword of Henry II., the carbine of Louis XIII., and the sword of Francis I., bearing on the hilt the motto, *Fecit potentiam in brachio suo*. This sword was brought from Madrid by Murat. There is also in the same salle the crown, sword, and saddle which were used at the coronation of Louis XVI.; the helmet and buckler of Charles IX.; the mirror and candlestick presented to Marie de Medicis by the republic of Venice; different insignia discovered in the tomb of Childeric; and other objects of equal curiosity. In the centre of the room stands the fauteuil of King Dagobert, and the sedan-chair used by Louis XV. There is also in the room a casket, given by Richelieu to Anne of Austria, which as a

work of art is the finest article in the whole collection. Near the windows are placed objects of more recent date; among them are a writing-desk in white wood, used by Louis XVIII. while in England; a jewel-box, which belonged to Queen Marie Antoinette; and the writing-desk of Louis-Philippe, just as it was left in 1848. The fifth room, called the Salle de l'Empereur, only contains articles which belonged to Napoleon, among which are the full-dress clothes worn by him on occasions of ceremony; his saddle, sword, gloves, &c.; his uniform-coat, which he wore at the battle of Marengo; his sword of First Consul, his horse's bridle-bit, the hat he wore in the campaign of 1814, and the small round hat which he wore at St. Helena, as well as the pocket-handkerchief which he used when on his death-bed. The Austrian uniform of the Duke de Reichstadt, a locket containing the hair of Napoleon and of his son, and a flag given by the Emperor to the 1st regiment of the Imperial Guard, are also to be there. This flag, which is the one kissed by Napoleon when he bade adieu at Fontainebleau, has since that period until now remained in the possession of General Petiot.

**A MODERATE MAN.**—Dr. George Fordyce contended, that as one meal a day was enough for a lion, it ought to suffice for a man. Accordingly, for more than twenty years, the doctor used to eat only a dinner in the whole course of the day. This solitary meal he took regularly at four o'clock, at Dolly's Chop-house. A pound and a half of rump-steak, half a broiled chicken, a plate of fish, a bottle of port, a quarter of a pint of brandy, and a tankard of strong ale, satisfied the doctor's moderate wants till four o'clock next day, and regularly engaged one hour and a half of his time. Dinner over, he returned to his home in Essex Street, Strand, to deliver his six o'clock lecture on anatomy and chemistry.—*Salad for the Solitary.*

Two brothers, named Reynolds, son of a surgeon at Stoke Newington, have carried off each the first prize for English poetry, at Cambridge and Oxford Universities, on the same day—an unusual incident in one family.

From Household Words.

### ETERNAL LAMPS.

WHEN we hear the word Lamp, we involuntarily recall that beloved lamp of our childhood, burning in the secret mountain-cavern, and throwing its magic radiance over so many of our winter nights—the Wonderful Lamp of Aladdin: or we enter in imagination the chapel of the Nativity at Bethlehem; where the many golden and jewelled luminaries, presents from kings and emperors, hang like low stars within their own rich twilight; or we think of the lamps borne before the bride and bridegroom in ancient Judea, like the torch of Hymen at the weddings of old Greece and Rome—or of those seven crystal vessels of supernatural flame which St. George found in the enchanted castle, and which he extinguished by means of a goblet of precious liquor, to the instantaneous and utter destruction of that palace of illusions. By the help of the same word, moreover, we can, if it so pleases us, penetrate into that mosque in the city of Fez, where nine hundred brazen lamps are said to burn every night; or can travel into the obscure antiquity of Egypt (the native country of these artificial illuminators, as some think), and be present at that Feast of Lamps there held annually, according as Herodotus reports. Our present business, however, is not with any of these; but rather with that “bright consummate flower” of all lamps—the lamp which burns perpetually.

There are two kinds of Eternal Lamps—one which is said to be found in tombs; and one which the Rosicrucians and other mystical philosophers conceived they could make, and which was to be of use to them in their scientific experiments. Of the former kind we hear more frequently, and have fuller accounts, than of the latter. The poet Cowley, in a note on this subject, expresses an opinion that the idea of sepulchral lamps came from the East, “where there was such infinite expense and curiosity bestowed upon sepulchres.” Be this as it may, it is chiefly in connection with ancient Roman tombs that we read of the discovery of Eternal Lamps. According to the belief once entertained, the Romans placed these lights in the mausoleums of their friends and relations, as a mark of honor; here it was asserted they continued burning without any waste, and in defiance of ordinary natural laws, as long as the air was excluded from them; but, immediately upon the opening of the tomb, the rare and apparently supernatural flame was extinguished. This circumstance furnished Cowley with a simile in describing the violent death of Ammon by the hand of Jonathan:

“Twixt his right ribs deep pierced the furious blade,  
And opened wide those secret vessels where  
Life’s light goes out when first they let in air.

It is affirmed that, about the middle of the sixteenth century, during the pontificate of Paul III., an ancient tomb was discovered in the Via Appia; which, from an inscription upon it, was supposed to be the burial-place of Cicero’s daughter Tullia. In this sepulchre was found the body of a woman, with her hair done up in tresses, and tied with a golden thread; also a lighted lamp, which, if the story were true, must have been burning for at least one thousand five hundred and fifty years. But this admirable spectacle did not last long. The contents of the mausoleum were no sooner influenced by the exterior air, than the light extinguished itself; and the body—fading like a ghost before the eyes of the beholders—fell into a heap of formless dust.

Between four and five centuries previous to this, a lamp, which had been burning for a still longer period, is said to have been unearthed in a tomb supposed to contain the body of Pallas, the son of Evander, mentioned by Virgil. It must have been lying there for above two thousand two hundred years. A countryman in the neighborhood of Rome, happening to dig a little deeper than usual in his field, came upon the body of a man taller than the city wall, and enclosed in a stone coffin with an inscription establishing the identity of the corpse. An immense gash, measuring four feet and a half, was in the middle of the breast—the very gash inflicted by the spear of Turnus; and over the head there was a burning lamp. William of Malmesbury, whose history contains an account of this matter, says that the lamp was “constructed by magical art; so that no violent blast, no dripping of water, could extinguish it. While many were lost in admiration at this, one person (as there are always some people expert in mischief) made an aperture beneath the flame with an iron style, which introducing the air, the light vanished.” Some days afterwards, “the body, being drenched with the drip of the eves, acknowledged the corruption common to mortals; the skin and the nerves dissolving.” Considering that Pallas is a somewhat doubtful historical character, and that there are good reasons for believing that men taller than city walls have never existed, it is perhaps unnecessary to add that it would be exercising no great amount of scepticism to discredit this narrative, Eternal Lamp and all.

Solinus, a Latin writer, who lived in the first century of the Christian era, tells us that a light was found in a tomb, which had burnt there above fifteen centuries, and which fell

into dust in the hands of those who took it up. It is said that several of these lamps have been discovered in the territory of Viterbo in Italy; of which that of Olybius Maximus of Padua is the most celebrated. This had remained burning for fifteen hundred years — which, by the bye, appears to be the favorite allotment of time in these matters. Two phials, one of gold, the other of silver, both filled with an admirably clear liquor, nourished, without any sensible diminution, a lamp placed between them, or, as some say, under them. But whether this, like the others, expired "when first they let in air," deponent sayeth not.

Hitherto we have spoken only of Italy; but it appears that our own country has had the honor of producing these phenomena. "It is reported," says Bailey in his *English Dictionary* (1730), "that, at the dissolution of monasteries, in the time of King Henry VIII., there was a lamp found that had then burnt in a tomb from about three hundred years after Christ, which was near twelve hundred years. Two of these subterranean lamps," he adds, "are to be seen in the Museum of Rarities at Leyden in Holland." Rarities indeed! But did they continue to burn in the Museum? or had their eternity come to an end?

The existence of these stories probably suggested an image to Shakspeare's mind in that solemn address of Pericles over the supposed dead body of his queen, which he is about to consign to the ocean: —

Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
And age-remaining lamps, the belching whale  
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,  
Lying with simple shells. *Act III., Sc. I.*

Spenser also has an Eternal Lamp — not, however, in connection with death, but with a wedding: —

His owne two hands the holy knott did knitt  
That none but death forever can divide;  
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,  
The housling fire\* did kinde and provide;  
And holy water thereon sprinkled wide;  
At which the bushy toade † a groomsd did light,  
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,  
Where it should not be quenched day or night,  
For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

*Book I., c. 12, v. 5.*

Upton says that Spenser here "seems to allude to the mystical meaning of the Wise Virgins' lamps in the parable, which, like the typical fire in *Levit. vi. 13*, "shall ever be burning upon the altar" of love; "shall never go out." But it ought to have been added, that in this case special directions are given that the fire shall be supplied with fuel.

Would the reader like to know the composition of Eternal Lamps? We are in pos-

session of two or three recipes, which we do not mind imparting to him. According to some authorities they are made of the oiliness of gold, resolved by art into a liquid substance. That is one way. Oil of gold is no doubt obtainable at any chemist's shop; if not, write to some friend or relation at the Australian or Californian diggings. Another method has been set forth, from personal experiment, by Trithemius, a learned German ecclesiastic of the fifteenth century. He assures us that he had himself made an oil of flower of brimstone, borax, and spirit of wine, which burnt many years without wasting. It does not appear, however, that it would burn an indefinite number of years; so that, after all, this was not an Eternal Lamp. Athanasius Kircher, a philosophical German Jesuit who lived about two hundred years ago, and who has written a great deal on the subject of lamps, speaks of a way to reduce the flame back into wax, so as to keep up a perpetual supply; which would certainly be economical. The inconsumable wick is to be of asbestos. And here it may be remarked that lamps with asbestos wicks have in fact been made; which, as far as the wicks themselves were concerned, have had some appearance of immortality. That this singular mineral has the power of resisting the action of fire is perfectly well known; although it is probable that some slight diminution in weight does really take place, which would necessarily end at length in the destruction of the substance. The same author mentions a chemical preparation of gold, which is thereby rendered spongy, is called Salamander's wool, and which he also recommends as a material for wicks. Fortunio Liceto, a Genoese physician of the seventeenth century, who strenuously contended for the possibility of Eternal Lamps, says, that the ancients had a secret of making an inconsumable oil, or of constructing their lamps in such a manner that, as they burned, the smoke condensed insensibly, and resolved itself into oil again. This looks like an anticipation of those modern stoves which consume their own smoke, and by means of which, and Lord Palmerston's Bill, we may hope to see the air of London purified. Liceto contends that the everlasting fires burning on the altars of some of the pagan divinities were of the same nature as Eternal Lamps; but it is well known that these fires were sedulously maintained by their appointed guardians, and that the punishment of death was ordained for letting them expire.

Our countryman, Friar Bacon, believed in the possibility of making lamps that should burn forever; and even the scientific Dr. Plott, who died as late as the year one thousand six hundred and ninety-six, entertained the same opinion. He proposed asbestos as the material for the wick. Indeed, he conceived

\* Sacramental fire.

† Torch.



that to be the only possible substance for the purpose, and that its failure would be a proof either that Perpetual Lamps are altogether fabulous, or that the ancients made them without wicks. For the fluid which is to support the life of the flame, he suggested naphtha, or liquid bitumen, which will burn without a wick; and thought that a trial might be made of the bitumen springing into the coal mines at Pitchford, in Shropshire. This is in fact a shrewd guess in the direction of gas lamps; though the gas-contractors will tell you that for a perpetual light there must be a perpetual supply. It is quite certain, however, that a species of illumination may be produced which will continue for a great length of time without any fresh material for combustion. In a book of chemical and other scientific experiments, printed not many years ago, we find the following directions for making a lamp that will burn twelve months without replenishing:—"Take a stick of phosphorus, and put it into a large dry phial, not corked, and it will afford a light sufficient to discern any object in a room when held near it, and will continue its luminous appearance for more than twelve months." It is possible that the Rosicrucian philosophers possessed some such knowledge as this, and so deluded their more ignorant contemporaries.

On the sceptical side of the question, Ottavio Ferrari, who lived in the same century with Ficeto, wrote a work, printed at Padua in sixteen hundred and eighty-five, entitled *Dissertatio de Veterum Lucernis Sepulchralibus*. In this treatise he contends, "that the use of sepulchral lamps cannot be of such standing in Italy as is pretended; because they used to burn their dead, and put the ashes in urns of such narrow necks that a lamp could not be got into them." He then endeavors to prove that there cannot be a perpetual flame either by means of the oil or wick.

The best mode, as it seems to us, of accounting for the phenomenon, has been put forth in the *Ana of Vigneul Marville*, where we find the following:—"It happens frequently, when antiquarians are inspecting by torch-light old sepulchres which they have opened, that thick vapors, produced by decomposition of the bodies become ignited at the approach of the flame, to the great astonishment of the attendants, who have more than once shouted a miracle. This sudden effect is quite natural; but it has occasioned the belief that these flames proceed from Perpetual Lamps." At the same time extinguished lamps may really have been discovered, which, of course would aid the delusion.

Rosencrantz, the supposed founder of the Rosicrucian sect, is said to have made an Eternal Lamp, which was discovered some

years after his death in a subterranean vault where he lay buried. This story (which is a sort of improved edition of the legends relating to the alleged burial-places of Tullia and Pallas) is thus related in number three hundred and seventy-nine of Addison's *Spectator*:—"A certain person, having occasion to dig somewhat deep in the ground, met with a small door having a wall on each side of it. His curiosity and the hopes of finding some hidden treasure, soon prompted him to force open the door. He was immediately surprised by a sudden blaze of light, and discovered a very fair vault. At the upper end of it was a statue of a man in armor, sitting by a table and leaning on his left arm. He held a truncheon in his right hand, and had a lamp burning before him. The man had no sooner set one foot within the vault, than the statue erected itself from its leaning posture stood bolt upright, and upon the fellow's advancing another step, lifted up the truncheon in his right hand. The man still ventured a third step; when the statue with a furious blow broke the lamp into a thousand pieces, and left his guest in a sudden darkness. Upon the report of this adventure, the country people soon came with lights to the sepulchre, and discovered that the statue, which was made of brass, was nothing more than a piece of clock-work; that the floor of the vault was all loose, and underlaid with several springs, which, upon any man's entering, naturally produced that which had happened. Rosicrucius, say his disciples, made use of this method to show the world that he had reinvented the ever-burning lamps of the ancients; though he was resolved no one should reap any advantage from the discovery." An edition of the *Spectator*, published by the Tonsons in seventeen hundred and sixty-seven, has a frontispiece by Hayman, illustrative of this story. The statue in armor stands with the uplifted truncheon—the mysterious lamp hangs by long chains from the sullen vault—the recumbent figure on the tomb sleeps in white repose beneath the enchanted radiance—the perspective of heavy arches recede into the gloom—the sepulchral urn is seen in a niche overhead—and the scared man enters at the doorway.

In Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* a lamp is mentioned which is to burn as long as the man with whom it has a certain mystical connection continues to live. This lamp (according to Burgravius, a disciple of Paracelsus, from whom Burton quotes) is to be made of man's blood; which, chemically prepared forty days, and afterwards kept in a glass, shall show all the accidents of this life; if the lamp burn brightly, then the man is cheerful and healthy in mind and body; if, on the

other hand, he from whom the blood is taken be melancholic or a spendthrift, then it will burn dimly, and flicker in the socket; and—most wonderful of all—it goes out when he dies. A lamp is described in the old romance of "Virgilius," a singular chronicle of the magical feats and works of superhuman science, attributed by the middle ages to Virgil, the poet. The story is worth quoting at length, as a really grand fiction, and as a fine specimen of old English. "For profit of the common people," says the history, "Virgilius on a great mighty marble pillar did make a bridge that came up to the palace; that palace and the pillar stood in the mid of Rome; and upon this pillar made he a lamp of glass that always burned without going out, and nobody might put it out; and this lamp lightened over all the city of Rome from one corner to the other, and there was not so little a street but it gave such light that it seemed two torches there had stand; and upon the walls of the palace made he a metal man that held in his hand a metal bow that pointed ever upon the lamp for to shoot it out, but always burned the lamp, and gave light over all Rome. And upon a time went the burgesses' daughters to play in the palace and behold the metal man; and one of them asked, in sport, why he shot not; and then she came to the man, and with her hand touched the bow, and then the bolt flew out, and brake the lamp that Virgilius made; and it was wonder that the maiden went not out of her mind for the great fear she had, and also the other burgesses' daughters that were in her company, of the great stroke that it gave when it hit the lamp, and when they saw the metal man so swiftly run his way; and never after was he no more seen. And this foresaid lamp was abiding burning after the death of Virgilius by the space of three hundred years or more."

After all, to what does an Eternal Lamp amount, even on the showing of its believers? Merely to something whose perpetuity is leased upon chance, and which accident or mischief may at any time bring to a sudden and final stop.

From the Times, 2d Nov.

#### ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

On Wednesday, the 19th of October, the passengers embarking to leave New York by the Arabia were not a little surprised to see a steamer come alongside with seventeen bishops on board, a proportionate number of clergymen of the American Protestant Episcopal Church, and several judges, lawyers, and principal inhabitants of the "Empire City." Upon inquiry, it appeared that the two senior members of the deputation from the Society for the

Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts to the American Board of Missions, the right Rev. Bishop Spencer, late of Madras, and Arch-deacon Sinclair, of Middlesex, were about to proceed to England by the Arabia; and one of the merchant princes of New York, Mr. Minturn, had chartered a steamer to convey them across the Hudson to Messrs. Cunard's dock, in New Jersey. He had made this arrangement in consequence of a desire expressed by many members of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, after the example of the primitive Christians, to take a solemn leave of their departing friends, "and accompany them to the ship." Accordingly, divine service, including a special prayer for those who were about to encounter the perils of the deep, was celebrated in St. John's Church, before both Houses of the Convention, at 9 A. M. The House of Bishops adjourned for three hours, and the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies appointed special delegations to be in attendance. Among the prelates who occupied the deck of the steamer were, the Bishops of New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New Jersey; the Missionary Bishops of Wisconsin and Iowa, and of China; the Bishops of Connecticut, Western New York, Illinois, Michigan, New Hampshire, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, Indiana, and Missouri.

When the English delegates reached Mr. Minturn's steamer, the Rev. Dr. Potter, of Albany, in the name of the clerical and lay deputies, expressed with much warmth the gratification which the House had derived from the opportunity of receiving the representatives of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—an institution to which the American Episcopal Church was indebted for essential services in times past. He adverted in strong terms to the personal regard which the members of the deputation had universally conciliated by their personal intercourse with the members of the House, and to the happy influence which their visit might be expected permanently to exert by promoting peace and friendship between the two nations and the two churches.

The Bishop of Pennsylvania, on the part of the Board of Missions, enlarged upon the benefit which would result to the missionary cause in the United States from the encouraging addresses and discourses of the deputation, as well as from the practical suggestions of the joint committee appointed to consider and report upon the subject.

The Bishop of Western New York (Dr. Lancy) assured the deputation of the heartfelt esteem with which the House of Bishops regarded them, of the great advantage which the cause of sound religion had derived from their visit, and of the cordiality with which

prayers would be offered in their behalf throughout the church.

In reply to these addresses Bishop Spencer expressed, in his own name and in behalf of his colleagues, the gratitude felt by the deputation for the hearty welcome which had been given them, and the brotherly love with which they had been invariably treated. He dwelt upon the benefits which he had personally derived from the free and confidential intercourse with the two Houses of Convocation which he had enjoyed during his visit to New York, and which had taught him to esteem more highly than ever in love the Protestant Episcopal Church of America for its work's sake—a work which it is doing so faithfully, lovingly, and soberly, and, God be thanked, so successfully. He declared it to be the conviction of his own mind, and he was persuaded it was equally the conviction of his colleagues, that it was indeed good for them to have been here; and expressed his hope that this feeling would long be reciprocated by their brethren of America, and that they would kindly feel that it was good for them also that the deputation had been there. He expressed his persuasion that the more frequent and the more intimate the intercourse between the two countries, the stronger would become their mutual respect and love; and that, for his own part, if permitted by Providence a safe return to his home, the daily prayer in his own family would be—first, may God bless England; and, secondly, may God bless America.

Archdeacon Sinclair remarked, that in proportion as we feel more, we are in general able to say less; and that certainly it was with the deepest emotion he bade farewell to the friends who then surrounded him. He not only claimed a personal, but an hereditary attachment to America, on account of the friendly intercourse which his father had long maintained with the first President of the Republic, and with many of its most distinguished statesmen. No voyager had ever crossed the Atlantic with more favorable prepossessions than himself; nevertheless all that he had anticipated in reference to the church, the people, and the country, had been far surpassed by the reality. To the kindness he had met with nothing could be added—it was far beyond what he could adequately acknowledge; he fervently prayed that the reciprocal kindly feelings of the two nations and the two churches might be perpetual. He was gratified beyond measure to receive assurances that the present deputation had contributed to that most blessed result; and he trusted that during his visit to America, short as it had been, he had enjoyed the privilege of forming friendships, not for time only, but for eternity.

The American deputation, together with numbers who had joined them, after bidding their English friends a most impressive farewell, remained for some time on the deck of Mr. Minturn's steamer. At length the clock of the neighboring church struck 12, the signal-guns were fired, final salutations were exchanged, and the Arabia stood out to sea.

GENERATIONS.—A generation is usually admitted to occupy, on an average, a space of thirty-three years. Hence arise some facts which may be considered as rules in the history of human nature. A man, being likely to be a father at thirty-three, will probably be a grandfather at sixty-six. Many are, of course, fathers and grandfathers at earlier ages; but these are averages. When we see at any time a new born babe, we may calculate pretty safely that the son of that babe, if he is to have one, will be approaching the close of life at a good age just about a century hence. We meet every day, in health and vigor, a gentleman whose father was born in 1720; but it is rare to find any man capable of business or social pleasure more than a hundred years after the birth of his father. In like manner, any individual who finds himself (we shall say) this year at any particular stage of life, may be assured of it as a rule, that his great-grandfather was in just about the same stage of existence, and experiencing all its appropriate sensations, and aiming at much the same objects, in the year 1753—that is, a hundred years ago. Does he see his son at a particular stage of life? then his own grandfather was at the same stage as that son a century ago; and so on. There are occasional exceptions of a surprising kind; for instance, Charles James Fox, who died in 1806, at the age of fifty-seven, had an uncle who was paymaster of the forces in 1679, the year of the battle of Bothwell Bridge, and his grandfather was on the scaffold with Charles I. But the rule is as stated. During any particular decade, as the *forties*, the *fifties*, &c., look into the obituary and you will find that the old people then dying—of the class who, being best off, live longest—are for the most part, the produce of the *eighth* decade antecedent. Thus, for example, the individuals born in the *seventies* in the last century are the people who are now closing their natural pilgrimage in the ripeness of their days. It has become rare to see an announcement of the death of a person born in the *sixties*; one in the *fifties* only occurs now and then. Thus, overlooking the many premature deaths, the obituary is like an index always coming down nearer and nearer to our natal decade. Those whose births took place in the *eighties* must soon be on the outlook for the arrival of the fatal finger at their point in mortuary chronology. In a few more years, the men of the *nineties* will be in course; and so it goes on. Let us see to improve the hours, and not be taken unprepared.

From the Morning Chronicle.

*The Late Revolution in Prussia, in its Relationship to the University and the School.*

By the Rev. BUCHAN W. WRIGHT, chaplain to the British Residents, Trieste. London: Seeley.

IF, according to Schleiermacher, the interference of government in education is most required in those countries in which the public mind is passive, and in which little free public effort would be made, it is only the more singular that the Prussian government should have been long apathetic in regard to the principles that were taught in the school, and only fully aroused to the importance of supervision by the late revolution. This little work gives some striking sketches of the revolution in Prussia, of which the author was an eyewitness, and then develops the causes which made a once contented and loyal people susceptible of revolt, which the author attributes especially to the spread of infidelity in Northern Germany, and the dissemination of infidel and subversive principles in the university and the school.

The following is one of the early sketches of the revolution in Berlin, immediately subsequent to the departure of the royal troops, entitled "The Panic in the Night:"—

Amongst the most extraordinary phenomena of revolutionized cities are the panic terrors which, without cause or reason, seem frequently to fall upon them. No one can guess by what path they travel, can trace them to their source, or say who was the author of them. They fall as suddenly upon the sorrow-haunted city as the white squall of the Atlantic upon the unsuspecting mariner, and are as unreal as are the fabled voices of friendly help which the dying traveller is said to hear in the Arabian desert. The fact is, that the revolutionized city seems to be haunted with an evil conscience; it has broken loose from ancient moorings, and launched out into the deep, and has no helmsman to guide it. There is, moreover, a want of confidence between man and man within it; and so, like the Syrian host before the gates of Samaria, they are on the watch for alarms; the air is vocal around them; they seem to hear "the noise of chariots and the noise of horses, and the noise of a great host;" and, like the Syrians, they are heard to exclaim, "Lo, the King of Israel hath hired against us the Kings of the Hittites and the Kings of the Egyptians, to come against us."

Such a panic as this fell suddenly on Berlin two nights subsequent to the great outbreak there, on the 18th of March. On the second night, the city was overwhelmed with sleep; it seemed as if human nature, worn out with excitement, required a more than usually deep repose. There was no one that moved the wing, or opened the mouth, or peeped; the silence had something awful in it, calculated even to make the bravest thoughtful; when suddenly an alarm is given, a

tumultuous noise takes place; the Prince of Prussia, it is said, is at the gates, "with much people set in battle array;" the shouts of the soldiery and the prancing of horses seem to resound through the air; the darkness increases fear; the whole city is on its feet; some stand still, some shout and shriek, and some put on their harness for the conflict; and many assurances, and no little persuasion, are required to disenchant the city of its fears, and to cause it to close its eyes to rest again.

*Anecdotes of the Habits and Instincts of Birds, Reptiles, and Fishes.* By Mrs. R. LEE, with illustrations by Harrison Weir. London: Grant and Griffiths.

Mrs. LEE is already favorably known to many youthful readers, as well by other works as by her agreeable volume of "Anecdotes of Animals." To that book the present forms a sort of supplement, or companion, and contains a number of additional stories, illustrative of one of the most interesting subjects to which the attention of the naturalist can be directed. The authoress, however, does not attempt the difficult task of drawing conclusions as to the precise character of the instincts of the lower animals, and their relations to the instincts and faculties of man. Her work is merely a collection of anecdotes, both original and borrowed, chiefly adapted for the young, and admirably calculated to awaken interest in the mind, and to prompt to observation. Some of the stories narrated are not very easy of belief. The following extraordinary accounts of the performances of parrots may be taken as an example of the general style of the book:—

To the aptitude with which parrots and other talking birds apply their acquirements, I have already slightly alluded; and I here give some further examples which have come to my knowledge from undoubted sources, or in which I have had personal experience. My readers can judge for themselves, how far the birds were conscious that what they said was adapted to the circumstances.

One of my earliest recollections was a gray parrot, belonging to an old lady who had taken charge of my mother's childhood, and which had been presented to her by her husband. This parrot had lost one of its legs, and no sooner did any one remark this, or ask how it had been lost, than it replied, "I lost my leg in the merchant's service; pray remember the lame." It was frequently hung up in its cage, outside the house, where its great delight was to whistle the dogs round it, and stop the teams of horses which went past, or make them go on when they stopped, which they frequently did as they mounted the hill where it lived, on all which occasions it chuckled and laughed with delight.

In the same country town lived a famous parrot, supposed to be very old; of which I used to hear extraordinary stories, all now forgotten,

except the following. Its master and mistress had a tea-party, followed by cards. The parrot, which had been vociferous for cake while it was handed round, at last, as it was thought, settled itself to sleep in a corner, where its cage stood. The whist parties were formed, and but little talking ensued; the silence, however, was broken when the moment of reckoning arrived; the losings and winnings were disputed, and points were discussed; great excitement took place, and passion had already begun to manifest itself, when, to the astonishment of every one, the parrot exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Curse your cards, ladies." The squabble was stopped, a sort of awe crept over the party, and an amicable arrangement took place which was cemented by supper. The story, however, spread; and it was observed that there was, for some time after, a greater degree of moderation on similar occasions. My mother was a witness of the whole scene; and from her I have heard of another parrot which was clever enough to call the cat when it had anything to eat which it did not like; for instance, the crust of toast, and if "Puss, Puss," were not sufficient, used the most coaxing terms to induce it to come under the cage, when the rejected morsel was dropped on the floor. This artifice is sometimes used in cases of fear, as I once saw a cat with eyes fixed on a parrot, evidently having an intention of springing on the poor bird, which was chained to a pole; and which tried to avert the mischief by saying, "Dear Puss, pretty Puss," incessantly, all the time keeping its eye upon the enemy.

*Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh.* By the late MACVEY NAPIER, Esq. Cambridge: Macmillan.

A LITTLE volume just published under the above title consists of reprints of two essays — on the Baconian philosophy and on the life of Raleigh — by the late Mr. Macvey Napier, the well known professor of law at Edinburgh. The former was a paper read before the Royal Society of that city, in 1818, and printed in their Transactions; the latter, an article which appeared about twelve years back in the *Edinburgh Review*, of which Mr. Napier was editor. Both are well worthy of perusal, and bear upon them the marks of laborious and conscientious performances. It has often been asserted that the fame and influence of Bacon, as founder of the inductive philosophy, have been overrated by the modern school of liberal philosophy, amongst whose chiefs may be enumerated Dugald Stewart, Mackintosh, Hallam, and Macaulay. It is, perhaps, an error to ascribe much effect to his writings on the actual progress of discovery in the physical sciences; for mathematics and astronomy lie in a sphere self-described

and far beyond the influence of rhetorical method, whilst it can hardly be supposed that James Watt or Henry Bell, and other discoverers of their class, were acquainted with the Baconian philosophy, at least in any other sense than as practical followers of its maxims. But Bacon must unquestionably be regarded as one of the soundest and most eloquent writers on philosophy, and the proofs advanced by Mr. Napier in his essay show that the effect of his writings on the educated mind both of England and foreign countries, within a moderate period after his death, and even during his own lifetime, was more extensive and speedy than might have been considered probable in the state of international communication existing during the seventeenth century.

*The Essays, or Counsels Civil and Moral.* By FRANCIS BACON. London: J. W. Parker and Son.

THE popular works of Lord Bacon are being reprinted in a form at once cheap, neat, and portable, by Messrs. Parker. For daily use, especially in these locomotive times, nothing like duodecimos. The "Advancement of Learning" was reprinted some time back, and we have now the "Essays." Such an undertaking deserves public encouragement, and cannot fail to receive it.

CORBIÈRES. — Monsieur de Corbières, Minister of the Interior, under the Restoration of the Bourbons, having risen from the humbler ranks of life, and frequenting only the society of the middle classes, was, though an able man, naturally ignorant of a thousand minor points of etiquette which emigrated, with the royal family, from Versailles to Hartwell, and returned with them from Hartwell to the Tuilleries. The Breton lawyer was, consequently, perpetually committing himself by lapses of politeness, which afforded much laughter to the king and court. But his ready wit never failed to get him out of the scrape.

One day, while submitting some important plans to Louis XVIII., so preoccupied was he by the subject under discussion, that, after taking a pinch of snuff, he placed his snuff-box on the table among the paper; and immediately afterwards, laid his pocket-handkerchief by its side.

"You seem to be emptying your pockets, Monsieur de Corbières," remonstrated the king, with offended dignity.

"A fault on the right side on the part of a minister, sire!" was the ready retort. "I should be far more sorry if your majesty had accused me of filling them!"